

JANUARY 1947

VOL. 6

NO. 10

# Shadow Comics

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.

MONEY'S  
YOUR **10¢** WORTH  
FIFTY-TWO  
PAGES



**The**  
**SHADOW**  
BATTLES CRIME AT  
*Devil's Passage*

Loeff

# America finds a new, easy way to save

OUT of the war has come a great lesson in thrift—the success of the Payroll Savings Plan.

Under this Plan, during the war, millions of wage earners set aside billions of dollars for War Bonds through “painless” weekly pay deductions.

Under it today, millions more continue to use its easy deductions to buy U. S. Savings Bonds . . . to put away the money for new homes, new cars, new appliances.

**SUGGESTION:** Why not let this *new, easy way to save* help you save too?



Weekly Savings	SAVINGS AND INTEREST ACCUMULATED	
	In 1 Year	In 10 Years
\$ 3.75	\$195.00	\$2,163.45
6.25	325.00	3,607.34
7.50	390.00	4,329.02
9.38	497.76	5,416.97
12.50	650.00	7,217.20
15.00	780.00	8,660.42
18.75	975.00	10,828.74

**Savings chart.** Plan above shows how even modest weekly savings can grow big. Moral: Join your Payroll Savings Plan next payday.



**Out of pay—into nest eggs!** A wage earner can choose his own figure, have it deducted regularly from earnings under Payroll Savings Plan.

**SAVE THE EASY WAY...**  
**BUY YOUR BONDS THROUGH PAYROLL SAVINGS**

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# Shadow COMICS

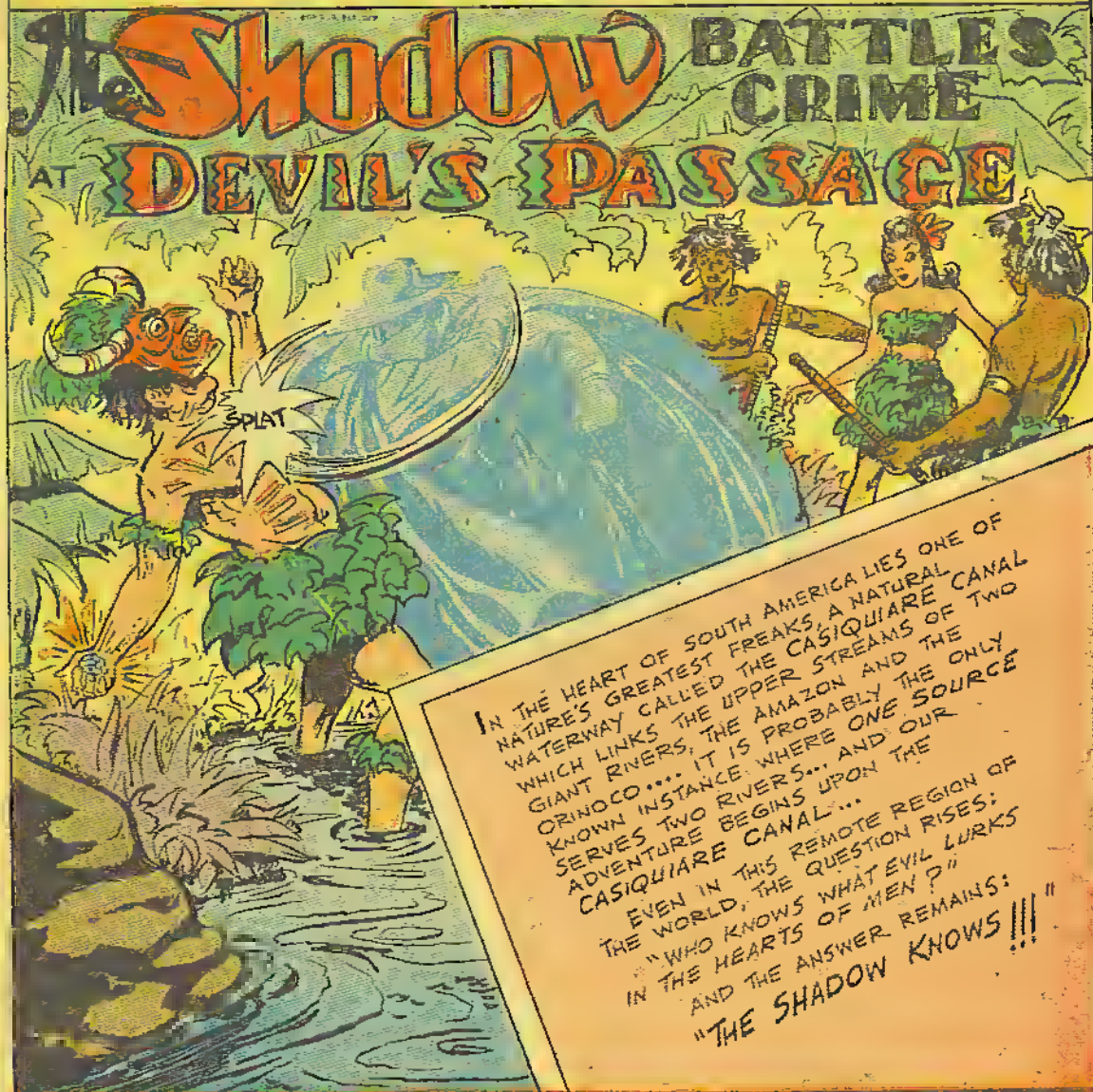
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IN THE HEART OF SOUTH AMERICA LIES ONE OF NATURE'S GREATEST FEATS, A NATURAL WATERWAY CALLED THE CASIQUIARE CANAL WHICH LINKS THE UPPER STREAMS OF TWO GIANT RIVERS, THE AMAZON AND THE ORINOCO.... IT IS PROBABLY THE ONLY KNOWN INSTANCE WHERE ONE SOURCE SERVES TWO RIVERS... AND OUR ADVENTURE BEGINS UPON THE CASIQUIARE CANAL...  
EVEN IN THIS REMOTE REGION OF THE WORLD, THE QUESTION RISES: "WHO KNOWS WHAT EVIL LURKS IN THE HEARTS OF MEN?"  
"THE SHADOW KNOWS!!!"

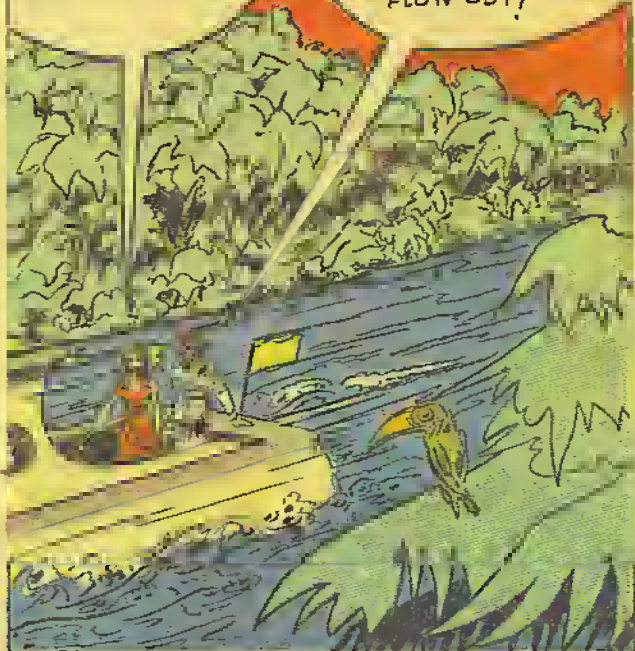
The "Comic" That Proves.....

# CRIME DOES NOT PAY!!



THIS RIVER DOES SEEM LIKE A CANAL, LAMONT! WHY ITS WATERS HARDLY MOVE AT ALL!

THAT'S WHY THE CANAL EXISTS, MARGO. IF IT HAD A STRONG CURRENT EITHER DIRECTION, IT WOULD ALL FLOW OUT!

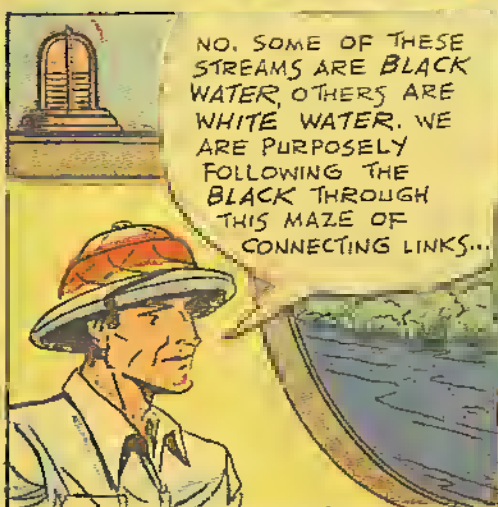


BOTH THE AMAZON AND ORINOCO RECEIVE SO MANY STREAMS THAT THEY DON'T DRAW TOO HEAVILY ON THE CASIQUEIRE!

IS THAT WHY THE WATER IS SO BLACK?



... BECAUSE THE BLACK IS CAUSED BY A PECULIAR ACID THAT DRIVES AWAY VORACIOUS FISH, ALLIGATORS AND DEADLY INSECTS. HERE'S A WHITE STREAM NOW, MARGO. WE'VE REACHED THE ORINOCO!



NO. SOME OF THESE STREAMS ARE BLACK WATER, OTHERS ARE WHITE WATER. WE ARE PURPOSELY FOLLOWING THE BLACK THROUGH THIS MAZE OF CONNECTING LINKS...



AFTER OUR TRIP FROM THE AMAZON, I'M GLAD WE'RE GETTING SOMEWHERE ELSE!



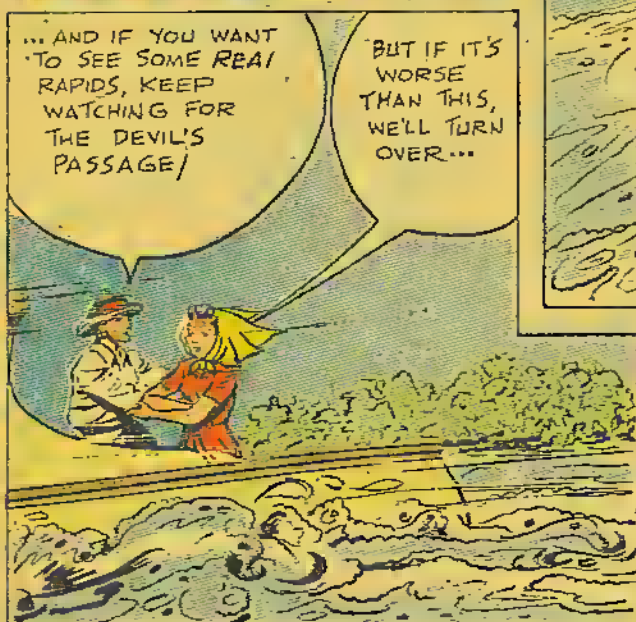
I ONLY HOPE  
WE DON'T  
STAY TOO  
LONG IN  
THE WHITE  
WATER!

DON'T WORRY,  
MARGO. WE  
WON'T. JUST  
WATCH US  
GO!



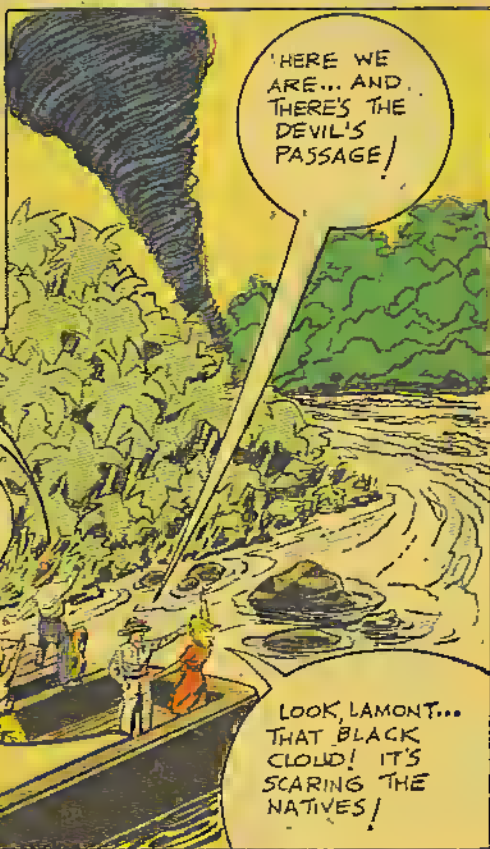
WHY... WHY, WE'RE  
RIGHT IN THE  
MIDDLE OF A  
HUGE RAPIDS!

HANG  
ON  
TIGHT,  
MARGO...



... AND IF YOU WANT  
TO SEE SOME REAL  
RAPIDS, KEEP  
WATCHING FOR  
THE DEVIL'S  
PASSAGE!

BUT IF IT'S  
WORSE  
THAN THIS,  
WE'LL TURN  
OVER...

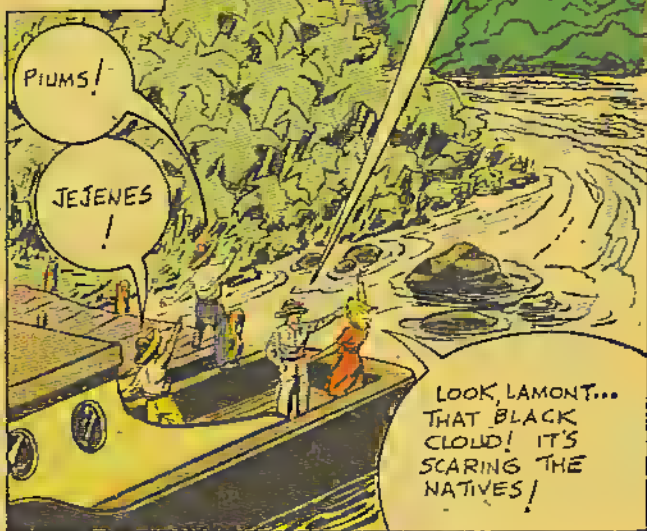


HERE WE  
ARE... AND  
THERE'S THE  
DEVIL'S  
PASSAGE!



... AND  
IN WHITE  
WATER  
!!!


DON'T WORRY,  
MARGO. WE'LL  
PULL ASHORE  
BEFORE WE  
REACH THE  
PASSAGE




PIUMS!

JEJENES  
!

LOOK, LAMONT...  
THAT BLACK  
CLOUD! IT'S  
SCARING THE  
NATIVES!



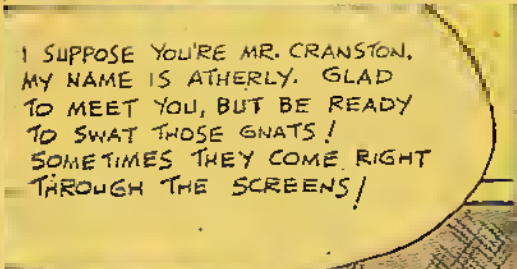
COME ON, MARGO...  
WE'RE GOING ASHORE  
TOO... AND FAST!




THAT CLOUD IS A  
SWARM OF GNATS,  
THE WORST INSECT  
PEST OF THE REGION.  
GET INSIDE...  
AND QUICKLY!

JEJENES  
!

PIUMS!

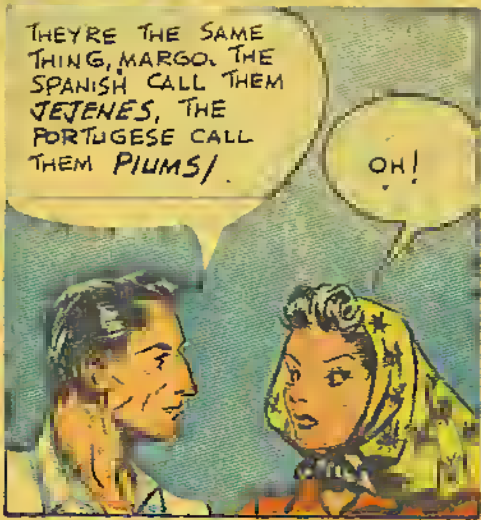


I SUPPOSE YOU'RE MR. CRANSTON.  
MY NAME IS ATHERLY. GLAD  
TO MEET YOU, BUT BE READY  
TO SWAT THOSE GNATS!  
SOMETIMES THEY COME RIGHT  
THROUGH THE SCREENS!



LOOK, SENOR ATHERLY!  
HE IS BITTEN BY ONE  
JEJENE!


WHICH DO...  
THE PIUMS OR  
THE JEJENES!



THEY'RE THE SAME  
THING, MARGO. THE  
SPANISH CALL THEM  
JEJENES, THE  
PORTUGUESE CALL  
THEM PIUMS!

OH!

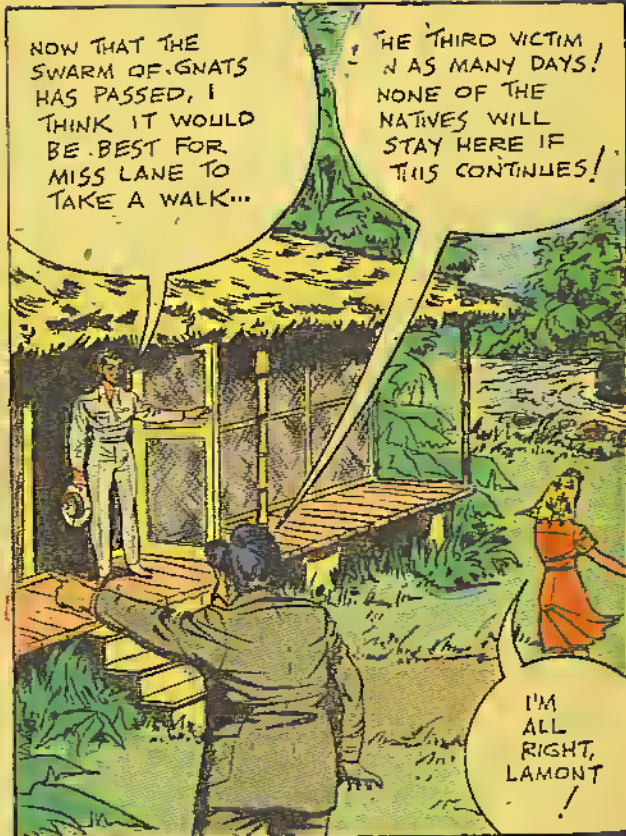
PIUM!



HELP HIM  
QUICKLY! THE  
BITE MAY  
PROVE FATAL  
!



DEAD  
ALREADY  
!



NOW THAT THE  
SWARM OF GNATS  
HAS PASSED, I  
THINK IT WOULD  
BE BEST FOR  
MISS LANE TO  
TAKE A WALK...

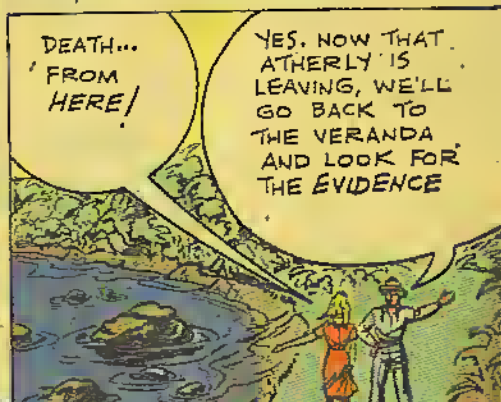
THE THIRD VICTIM  
IN AS MANY DAYS!  
NONE OF THE  
NATIVES WILL  
STAY HERE IF  
THIS CONTINUES!

I'M  
ALL  
RIGHT,  
LAMONT  
!



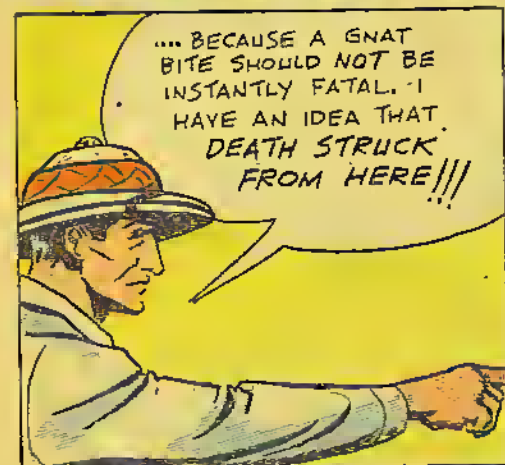
I'M ONLY  
THINKING  
ABOUT THAT  
POOR FELLOW  
WHO DIED SO  
SUDDENLY!

SO AM I, MARGO.  
THAT'S WHY I  
WANTED TO  
GET A CLOSE  
LOOK AT  
THESE ROCKS...

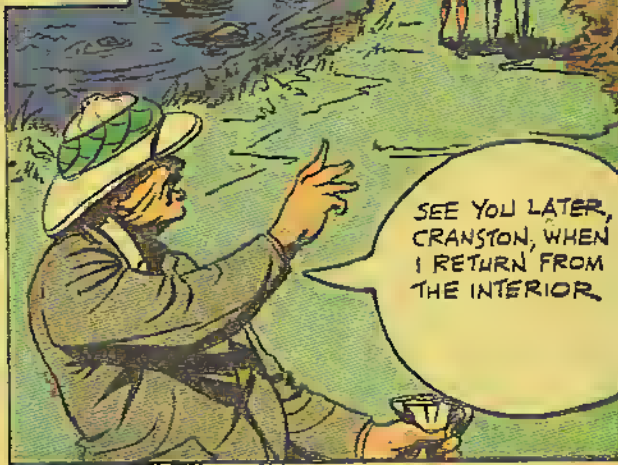


DEATH...  
FROM  
HERE!

YES. NOW THAT  
ATHERLY IS  
LEAVING, WE'LL  
GO BACK TO  
THE VERANDA  
AND LOOK FOR  
THE EVIDENCE



... BECAUSE A GNAT  
BITE SHOULD NOT BE  
INSTANTLY FATAL. I  
HAVE AN IDEA THAT  
DEATH STRUCK  
FROM HERE!!!



SEE YOU LATER,  
CRANSTON, WHEN  
I RETURN FROM  
THE INTERIOR



WHY,  
THAT LOOKS  
LIKE A  
NEEDLE  
!

IT'S A THIN  
THORN, MARGO...  
A POISONED THORN  
SHOT FROM A  
NATIVE BLOW-GUN.  
IT KILLED THE  
VICTIM!



THEN SOME  
SAVAGE MUST  
HAVE SHOT THAT  
THORN UNDER  
COVER OF THE  
CLOUD OF  
GNATS!

YES, FROM  
SOMEWHERE  
AMONG THE  
ROCKS. IT WOULD  
HAVE PENETRATED  
THE SKIN AS  
EASILY AS THE  
INSECTS!

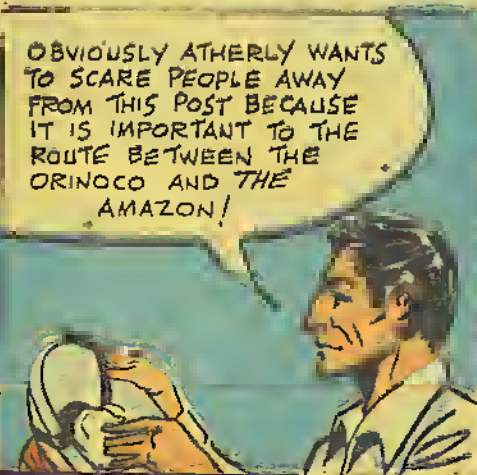


BUT WHY  
SHOULD THE  
SAVAGES BE  
SO HOSTILE  
?

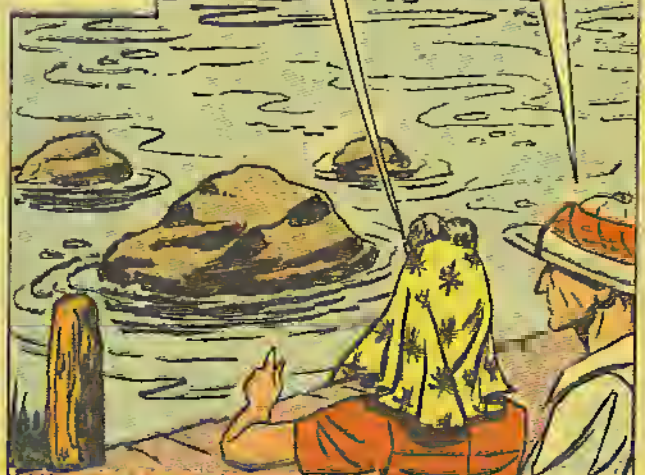
BECAUSE ATHERLY  
IS BEHIND THIS  
GAME OF MURDER.  
HE REACHED THE  
VICTIM FIRST. HE  
MUST HAVE PLUCKED  
THE THORN FROM  
THE MAN'S NECK!

BUT  
HERE  
COMES  
A BOAT  
NOW!

IT'S A SUPPLY  
BARGE, SENT TO  
ESTABLISH A  
BASE HERE. WE'LL  
GET ACQUAINTED  
WITH THE SKIPPER  
AND DISCUSS THE  
ATHERLY QUESTION  
WITH HIM  
TOMORROW!



OBVIOUSLY ATHERLY  
WANTS  
TO SCARE PEOPLE  
AWAY  
FROM THIS POST  
BECAUSE  
IT IS IMPORTANT  
TO THE  
ROUTE BETWEEN  
THE  
ORINOCO AND THE  
AMAZON!



AN INTERESTING CLUE,  
MR. CRANSTON, BUT YOU'LL  
NEED MORE EVIDENCE TO  
PROVE A CASE AGAINST  
ATHERLY.

THE NEXT DAY

MY INSTRUCTIONS  
ARE TO DO SOME  
BLASTING ON THIS  
CHANNEL. MEAN-  
WHILE YOU CAN  
COUNT ON MY  
FULL CO-OPERATION

THANKS,  
SKIPPER.  
I BELIEVE  
I SEE THE  
VERY EVIDENCE  
I WANT!



COME ON, MARGO.  
WE'RE GOING OVER  
TO INVESTIGATE  
THE FAR SHORE  
OF THE RIVER

BETTER NOT GET  
TOO CLOSE TO ANY  
ALLIGATORS!  
REMEMBER,  
THIS IS WHITE  
WATER!



WHATEVER  
YOU'RE  
SEEING IS  
SOMETHING  
I DON'T  
SEE!



AND YOU CAN BE  
SURE THAT ATHERLY  
TOOK A LAND  
ROUTE TO SOME-  
WHERE UP THIS  
STREAM. I'LL  
INVESTIGATE THIS  
CHANNEL SOON...  
ALONE!

I DON'T THINK WE'LL  
HAVE TO WORRY  
ABOUT ALLIGATORS  
IF WE WORK THE  
CANOE THROUGH  
HERE!

WHY, IT'S A  
HIDDEN  
CHANNEL...  
AND IT'S ALL  
BLACK WATER  
!





THE HEAT MUST BE GETTING LAMONT! HE'S PAINTING THAT CANOE BLACK... AND I STILL CAN'T SEE WHAT HE SAW AMONG THOSE ROCKS!



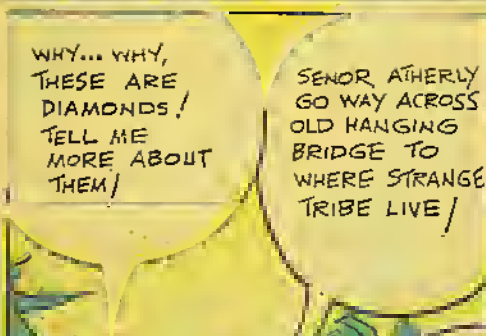
MAYBE I CAN LEARN SOMETHING MYSELF IF I TALK TO THE FEW NATIVES WHO ARE STILL AROUND!



HELLO, BOYS! WHERE DID YOU GET SUCH PRETTY MARBLES?

WE FOUND THEM IN SENOR ATHERLY'S TRUNK

YOU WANT TO SEE THE MARBLES, SENORITA?



WHY... WHY, THESE ARE DIAMONDS! TELL ME MORE ABOUT THEM!

SENOR ATHERLY GO WAY ACROSS OLD HANGING BRIDGE TO WHERE STRANGE TRIBE LIVE!



STRANGE TRIBE WORSHIP QUEEN OF ORINOCO BUT NEVER SEE HER. SO THEY OBEY SENOR ATHERLY INSTEAD



THAT GIVES ME A REAL IDEA! I'LL CROSS THAT RIVER AND PUT AN END TO ATHERLY'S GAME !!!



THAT QUICK-  
DRYING PAINT  
WORKED  
PERFECTLY!



THIS BLACK CANOE  
WILL MERGE PERFECTLY  
WITH THE WATER AND  
WHEN I BECOME THE  
SHADOW, I'LL BE  
EVEN MORE  
INVISIBLE!

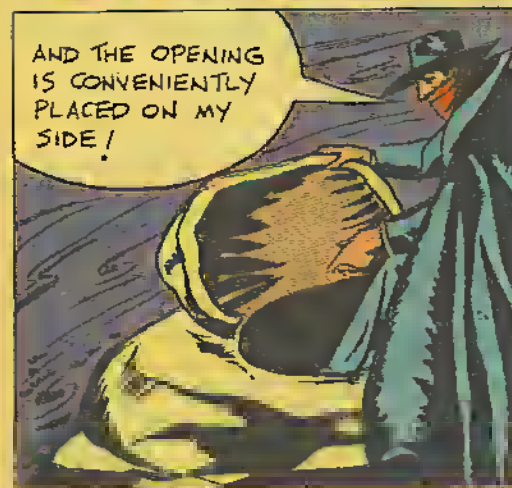


TWO SAVAGES, WITH THE  
ROCK THAT MARGO  
DIDN'T NOTICE WAS  
MISSING. AS I THOUGHT,  
IT'S HOLLOW FAKE

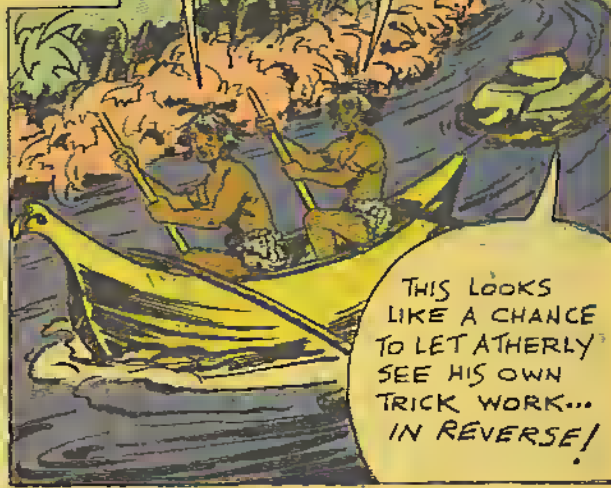


BOSS MAN  
SAY BRING  
BACK MAGIC  
ROCK


VERY GOOD,  
THAT MEAN TODAY  
HE PICK ANOTHER  
JIBARO TO GO  
AND SHOOT  
POISON THORN!




AND THE OPENING  
IS CONVENIENTLY  
PLACED ON MY  
SIDE!



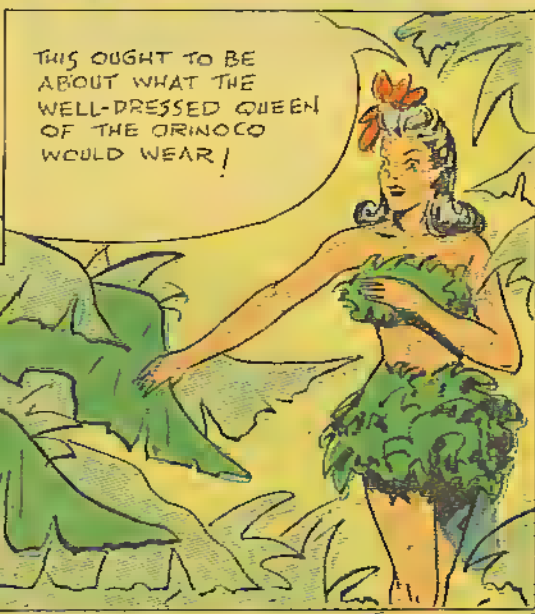
THIS LOOKS  
LIKE A CHANCE  
TO LET A THERLY  
SEE HIS OWN  
TRICK WORK...  
IN REVERSE!



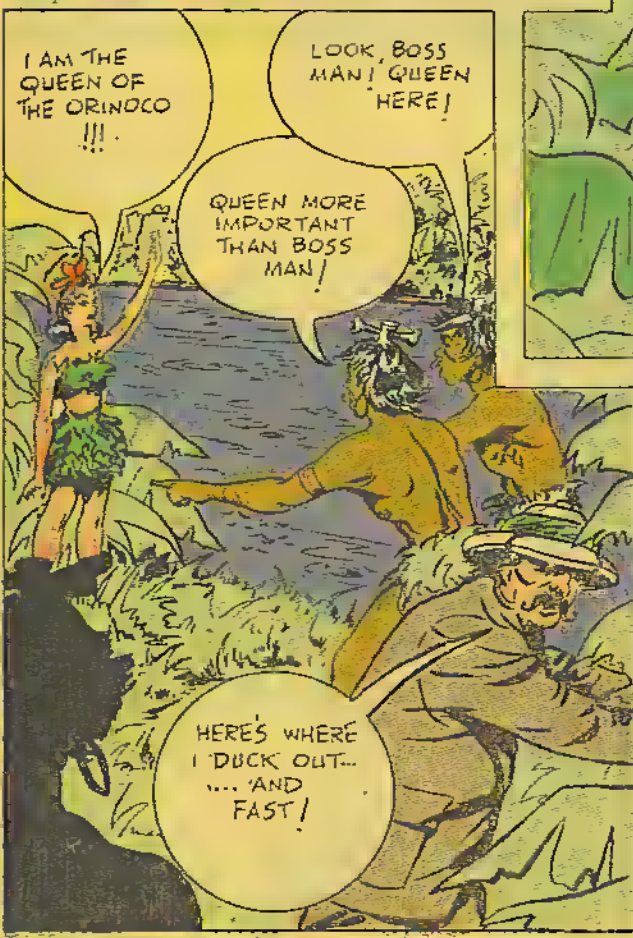
THIS IS THE HANGING  
BRIDGE ALL RIGHT! ONCE  
ACROSS IT, I'LL BE IN  
THE **BLACK WATER**  
REGION, WHICH IS FREE  
OF REPTILES BUT FULL  
OF SAVAGES!



AND THAT MEANS  
I'D BETTER SWAP  
MY CIVILIZED  
ATTIRE FOR SOME-  
THING MORE  
APPROPRIATE!



THIS OUGHT TO BE  
ABOUT WHAT THE  
WELL-DRESSED QUEEN  
OF THE ORINOCO  
WOULD WEAR!




I AM THE  
QUEEN OF  
THE ORINOCO  
!!!

LOOK, BOSS  
MAN! QUEEN  
HERE!

QUEEN MORE  
IMPORTANT  
THAN BOSS  
MAN!

HERE'S WHERE  
I DUCK OUT...  
... AND  
FAST!



BUT I STILL HAVE A  
SMART BET TO PLAY...  
THIS DEVIL COSTUME!

BOSS MAN NO  
LONGER BOSS MAN!  
BRING HIM HERE  
AND I'LL TELL HIM!

YOU  
BET!



I AM THE  
ORINOCO  
QUEEN!

AM I AM THE RULER  
OF THE DEVIL'S  
PASSAGE, WHICH  
HOLDS A GRIP  
UPON YOUR RIVER...



...LIKE I  
AM GRIPPING  
YOU!

BOSS OF DEVIL'S  
PASSAGE MORE  
POWERFUL THAN  
ORINOCO QUEEN!



THAT MAKES  
HIM OUR  
BIG BOSS!

AS SOON AS THE  
REST OF THE TRIBE  
ARRIVE WITH THE  
MAGIC ROCK, WE  
SHALL DECIDE THE  
FATE OF THIS FALSE  
QUEEN!

AT LEAST  
I WON'T  
HAVE  
LONG TO  
WAIT!



KIND OF WACKY,  
THESE INSTRUCTIONS  
CRANSTON LEFT

MEAN WHILE...

BLASTING THOSE ROCKS  
ACROSS THE CHANNEL  
WILL ONLY FLOOD  
THINGS... BUT MAYBE  
IT WILL HELP, ANYWAY,  
THE OTHER SHORE  
IS LOWER. THAT'S THE  
SO...



GIVE IT !!!

**POW**



... AND IT LOOKS  
LIKE I'M REALLY  
NEEDED!

THE  
SHADOW  
!

TIMED RIGHT TO MY  
LANDING, THAT BLAST!  
NOW TO CLOUD THE  
MINDS OF THESE  
SAVAGES...

BOOM-BOOM

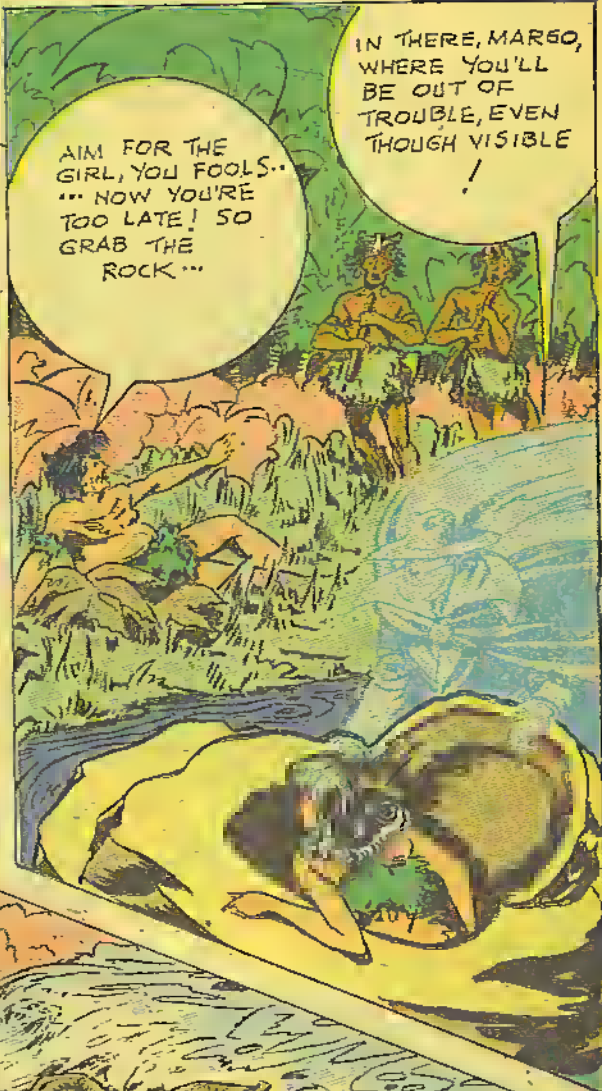


WHATEVER  
THAT IS,  
GRAB IT!



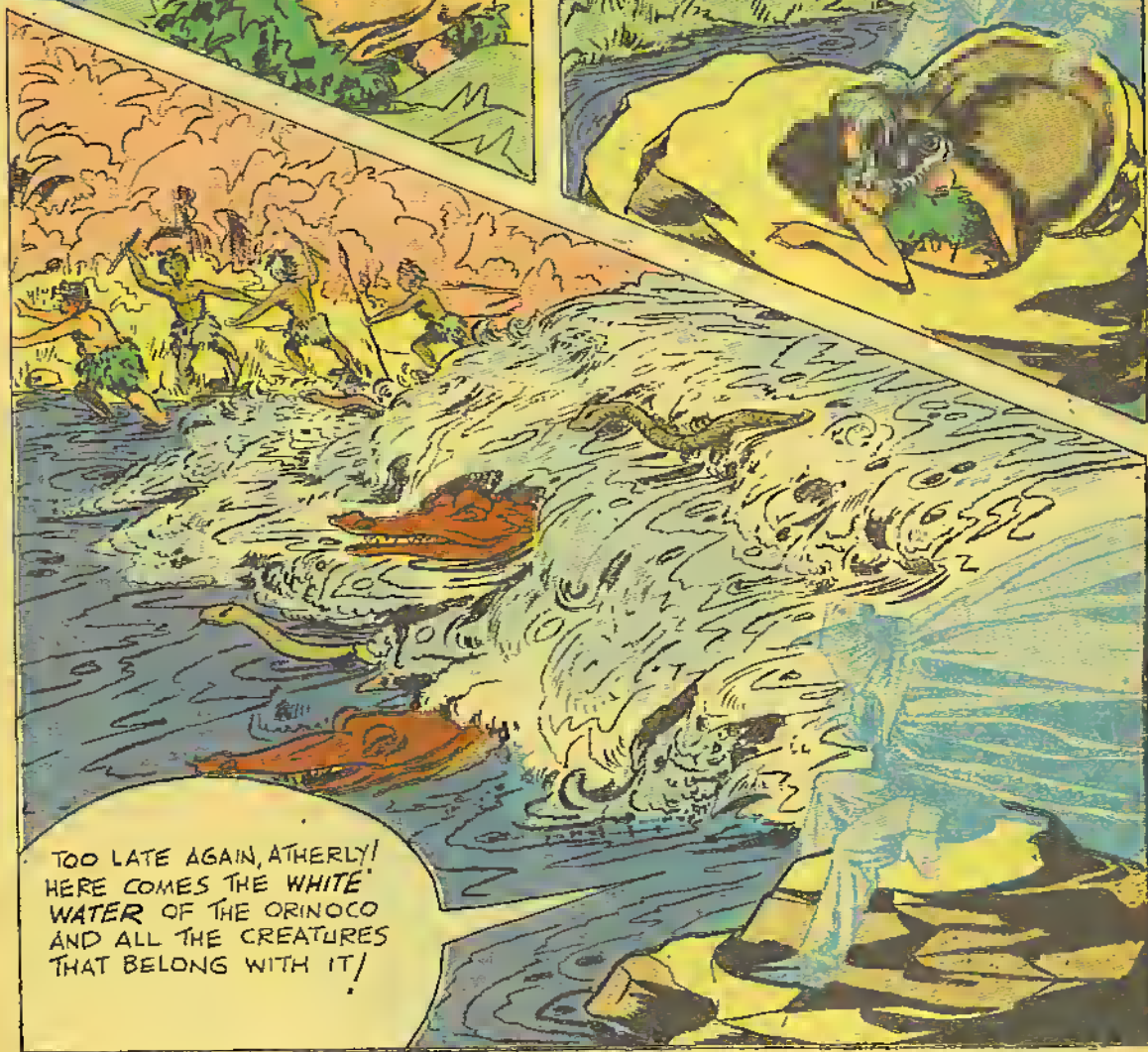


HELLO,  
ATHERLY!



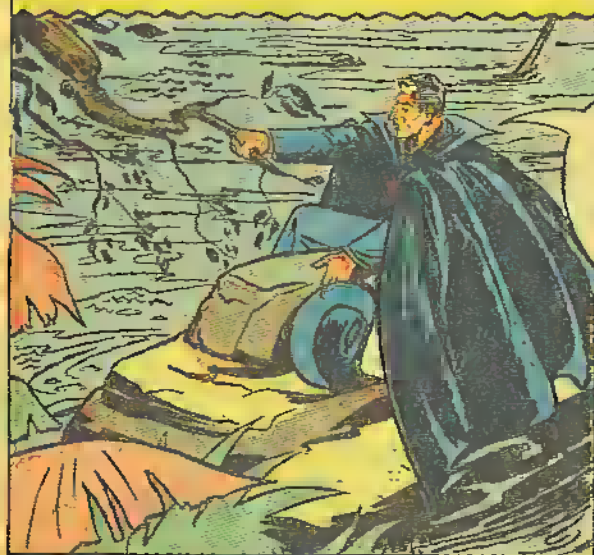
AIM FOR THE  
GIRL, YOU FOOLS..  
... NOW YOU'RE  
TOO LATE! SO  
GRAB THE  
ROCK...

IN THERE, MARGO,  
WHERE YOU'LL  
BE OUT OF  
TROUBLE, EVEN  
THOUGH VISIBLE  
!



TOO LATE AGAIN, ATHERLY!  
HERE COMES THE WHITE  
WATER OF THE ORINOCO  
AND ALL THE CREATURES  
THAT BELONG WITH IT!

COMPLETELY OVERWHELMING ATHERLY  
AND HIS MURDEROUS JIBAROS, AND  
LEAVING THEM PREY TO THE  
ALLIGATORS AND BOA CONSTRICTORS,  
THE FLOOD FROM THE ORINOCO  
SPENDS ITSELF !!!



ATHERLY DID A  
NICE BALLAST JOB  
WITH THIS HOLLOW  
METAL ROCK! NOW  
TO MAKE ANOTHER  
LANDING!

DID THAT  
BLACK WATER  
BACK WATER!

THAT FINISHES  
THE TEMPORARY  
FLOOD. HERE'S  
JUST WHAT WE  
WANT TO GO  
BACK WHERE  
WE CAME FROM  
!

JUST WHAT WE WANT!  
NOW WE CAN BLAST  
A CHANNEL WHERE  
THE SLOPE IS LESS!



HOW DUMB OF  
ME NOT TO NOTICE  
THAT THE FUNNY  
ROCK WAS  
MISSING!

ATHERLY HAULED IT  
BACK UP THE BLACK  
CHANNEL AT NIGHT,  
TO PLANT A FRESH  
BLOW-GUNNER IN IT. BUT  
WE'VE SEEN THE LAST  
OF HIM AND HIS JIBARO  
TRIBE!



### THOUSANDS ENLIST AS CONGRESS GRANTS NEW, HIGHER ARMY PAY

In every enlisted grade, pay scales are  
higher than ever—and virtually re-  
sponsibility-free! You'll save more  
have greater "take-home" pay than  
in almost any comparable civilian job!  
Get all the facts at your nearest Army  
Camp or Post, or U. S. Army Recruit-  
ing Station.

**A GOOD JOB FOR YOU**  
**U. S. ARMY**  
Choose This  
Fine Profession Now

# THE FAMOUS TRIXIE HALL MURDER



THE ABOVE "EXTRA" HIT THE CITY STREETS AHEAD OF OTHER NEWSPAPERS—

BING DALGREN, NOTED REPORTER OF THE TIMES-NEWS, IN ANOTHER OF HIS EXCITING NEWSPAPER ADVENTURES, RUNS AGAINST A TOUGH STORY—  
STORY & PICTURES BY THORNTON FISHER—



YOU HEARD ME, BING—  
I SAID "WE MISSED THE BOAT ON THIS—"

JOHN FEELEY, MANAGING EDITOR OF THE TIMES-NEWS, WAS FRANTIC BECAUSE THE GLOBE-STAR, A COMPETITOR, HAD "SCOOPED" THE TIMES-NEWS AND HE BERATED HIS GREAT REPORTER, BING DALGREN, FOR MUFFING THE STORY—



HOWEVER, DALGREN HAD BEEN OUT OF TOWN ON ANOTHER ASSIGNMENT WHEN THE MURDER WAS COMMITTED—UNFORTUNATELY, MURDERERS DO NOT NOTIFY NEWSPAPERS BEFORE THEY KILL.



THINK NOTHING OF IT, BOYS—THE PARTY WAS ON ME—

JOHN L. HAFNING WAS ALREADY IN JAIL, CHARGED WITH SUSPICION OF THE MURDER BY SHOOTING, OF TRIXIE HALL, FEMALE SOLOIST OF A FAMOUS NIGHTCLUB ORCHESTRA—HAFNING, A WEALTHY CONTRACTOR, WAS KNOWN AS A MAN-ABOUT-TOWN—HE ALWAYS PICKED UP THE TABS—



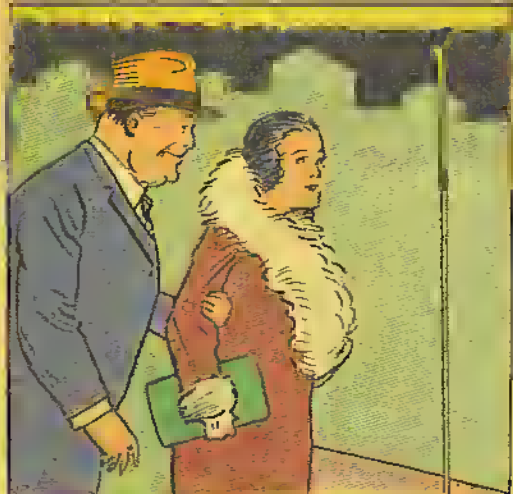
GO AND BUY THE LITTLE WOMAN SOMETHING, JIMMY—

THANKS, JOHN—

HE WAS "GOOD-TIME CHARLIE" AND KNOWN AS AN EASY TOUCH FOR A GANG OF HANGERS-ON—HE WAS A WIDOWER AND ROAMED ABOUT AS FANCY PROMPTED HIM



THE EVIDENCE WAS TIGHT AGAINST HIM—THE ELEVATOR MAN IN MISS HALL'S BUILDING HAD SEEN HIM ENTER TRIXIE'S APARTMENT WITH HER AT 2:30 AM, JAN. 7TH, AND EMERGE FROM HER DOOR AT 3:45 AM.—SHE WAS FOUND DEAD THAT MORNING—



ALSO HE HAD BEEN OBSERVED ESCORTING TRIXIE FROM THE NIGHTCLUB AND WAS THE LAST PERSON WITH WHOM SHE HAD BEEN SEEN ALIVE — WORSE, A THOROUGH POLICE SEARCH OF THE SINGER'S APARTMENT REVEALED MANY SMALL, THOUGH EXPENSIVE GIFTS FROM HIM TO MISS HALL —

HENRI, THE HALL-HAFFNING ROMANCE SEEMS TO BE BLOSSOMING — THE OLD BOY HAS THE LOVE-JITTERS BAD —

YES, HE'S BEEN HERE THREE TIMES THIS WEEK, SIR —



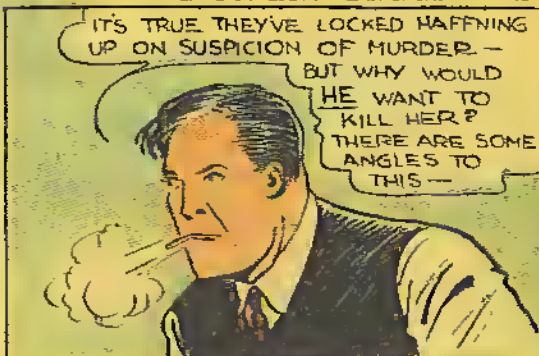
A N.Y. GLOBE-STAR REPORTER HAD DROPPED IN-TO THE NIGHTCLUB JUST BEFORE IT CLOSED THE NIGHT OF THE MURDER AND HAD CHECKED UP, AS REPORTERS DO, ON THE CELEBRITIES PRESENT AND WHO WAS WITH WHOM — THIS, NATURALLY, GAVE THE GLOBE-STAR MAN THE "JUMP" ON THE STORY —



AW, TRIXIE —

OH, BOYS, I'D LOVE TO SEE YOU — BUT REALLY, I'M A HARD-WORKING SINGING GIRL —

TRIXIE WAS A POPULAR YOUNG WOMAN WHO HAD MANY SUITORS BUT SHE PLAYED NO FAVORITES — HAFNNING, MORE THAN TWICE HER AGE, COULD BE JEALOUS OF COURSE, OF THE YOUNGER MEN WHO LAVISHED ATTENTION UPON HER — THAT, AT LEAST, MIGHT PROVIDE A MOTIVE —



IT'S TRUE THEY'VE LOCKED HAFNNING UP ON SUSPICION OF MURDER —

BUT WHY WOULD HE WANT TO KILL HER? THERE ARE SOME ANGLES TO THIS —

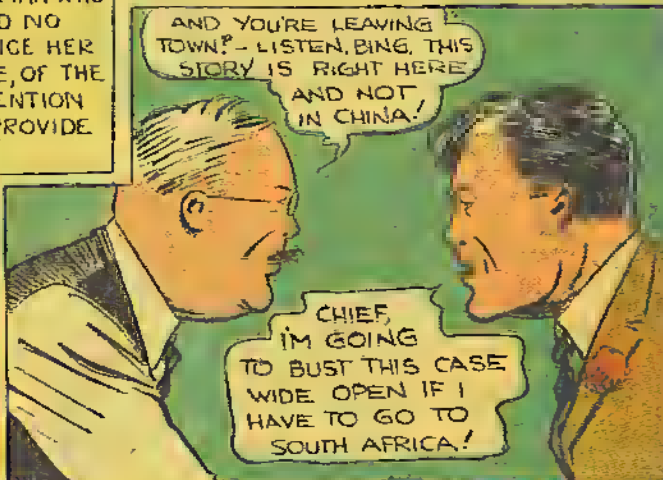
FROM WHERE DALGREN SAT IT LOOKED AS THOUGH ALL THE CARDS WERE STACKED AGAINST HIM (DALGREN) — THEY CERTAINLY WERE — STACKED AGAINST JOHN L. HAFNNING — ALL THE PAPERS WERE NOW CARRYING THE SENSATIONAL MURDER STORY — BING BEGAN TO STUDY THE ANGLES —

I THOUGHT I RECALLED THAT \$5,000,000 COUNTY CONTRACT AWARDED TO HAFNNING FOR CONSTRUCTION WORK —



AND HERE IT IS —

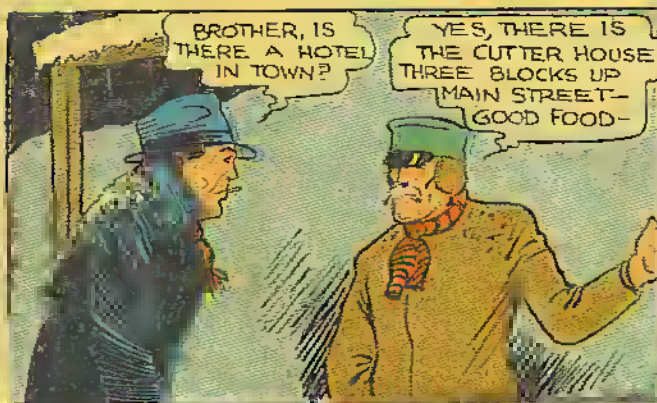
WITH A FINE-TOOTH COMB THE BRILLIANT REPORTER STARTED HIS OWN ONE-MAN INVESTIGATION —



AND YOU'RE LEAVING TOWN? — LISTEN, BING, THIS STORY IS RIGHT HERE AND NOT IN CHINA!

CHIEF, I'M GOING TO BUST THIS CASE WIDE OPEN IF I HAVE TO GO TO SOUTH AFRICA!

FEELEY, HIS MANAGING EDITOR, WAS STILL AS MAD AS A HATTER THAT THE TIMES-NEWS HAD MUFFED THE STORY — HE WAS ANGRIER WHEN DALGREN TOLD HIM THAT HE (DALGREN) WAS LEAVING TOWN FOR A FEW DAYS —



BROTHER, IS THERE A HOTEL IN TOWN?

YES, THERE IS THE CUTTER HOUSE THREE BLOCKS UP MAIN STREET—GOOD FOOD—

WHEN THE EARLY MILK TRAIN STOPPED AT THE SMALL TOWN OF PHILLIPSVILLE, N.Y. AT 5:30 A.M. BING DALGREN STEPPED OUT ON THE SNOW—COVERED PLATFORM—IT WAS A BLEAK, DESOLATE PLACE



PRETTY BIG MURDER DOWN IN NEW YORK TOTHER DAY, I HEAR—

USED TO BE SOME HAFFNINGS IN OUR TOWN HERE—

YES, DEEDY QUITE SOME KILLIN'—

BING REGISTERED AT THE CUTTER HOUSE UNDER A FICTITIOUS NAME AND LATER BEGAN TO CIRCULATE AMONG THE NATIVES, PARTICULARLY THE OLDER ONES— HE CASUALLY MENTIONED THE NEW YORK MURDER— YES, THE NATIVES HAD READ ABOUT IT— GOOD PEOPLE, TOO— AND THERE WAS A JOHNNY HAFFNING —



YES, THE HAFFNINGS WAS A GOOD FAMILY—LITTLE JOHNNY HAFFNING DID ODD JOBS AND FINALLY WENT TO AN ENGINEERING SCHOOL—WORKED HIS WAY THROUGH—

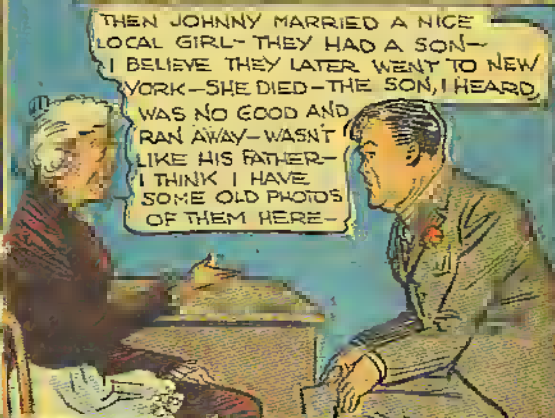
THAT WAS ADMIRABLE—

THE FAMOUS REPORTER LISTENED ATTENTIVELY TO ONE ELDERLY MAN'S REMARKS —



JOHN, AFTER MRS. HAFFNING DIED, TRIED TO TRACE HIS SON— IT SEEMS THAT THE BOY WENT FROM BAD TO WORSE— AND JOHN WAS SUCH A FINE MAN—

ONE WAS A CLEAR PHOTO SHOWING JOHN L. HAFFNING HIMSELF, HIS KINDLY FACED WIFE AND A LAD, THEIR SON, WHEN HE WAS ABOUT FIFTEEN YEAR'S OLD —



THEN JOHNNY MARRIED A NICE LOCAL GIRL— THEY HAD A SON— I BELIEVE THEY LATER WENT TO NEW YORK— SHE DIED— THE SON, I HEARD, WAS NO GOOD AND RAN AWAY— WASN'T LIKE HIS FATHER— I THINK I HAVE SOME OLD PHOTOS OF THEM HERE—

AN ELDERLY LADY LIBRARIAN HAD ALSO KNOWN THE HAFFNING FAMILY WELL— SHE INNOCENTLY PROVIDED CONSIDERABLE INFORMATION AND POSSESSED SOME OLD HAFFNING PHOTOGRAPHS —



CHIEF, I'VE GOT TRIxie HALL'S KILLER— NO PAPER, SCOOPED US—

NO? THEN READ THE OTHER PAPERS!

TWO DAYS LATER BING ARRIVED BACK IN NEW YORK WHERE HE WENT TO THE TIMES-NEWS OFFICE AND CONSULTED WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR—

I WISH TO SEE  
JOHN HAFNING—I'M  
DALGREN OF THE TIMES-  
NEWS—

OH, YES,  
MR. DALGREN,  
SURELY—

I HAVE NOTHING  
TO SAY  
ABOUT  
IT—

I THOUGHT  
PERHAPS I  
COULD HELP  
YOU—

NEXT HE ARRANGED WITH THE  
AUTHORITIES FOR AN INTERVIEW  
WITH JOHN L. HAFNING IN HIS  
CELL— HE WOULD NOT TELL  
HAFNING OF HIS VISIT TO THE  
OLD HOME TOWN— PERHAPS  
THE PRISONER WOULD GIVE  
HIM SOME INFORMATION PRIVATELY  
BING WASN'T SURE THAT HAF-  
NING HAD COMMITTED THE MURDER—

HAFNING RECEIVED THE REPORTER CAUTIOUSLY—  
WHAT HE SAID— OR RATHER LEFT UNSAID—EXPLODED  
LIKE A BOMB IN THE FACE OF BING DALGREN—

IF NONE OF OUR  
CITY DRAFT BOARDS HAVE  
A HAFNING ON RECORD  
IT'S POSSIBLE HE REGISTERED  
OUTSIDE THE CITY OR IN  
SOME OTHER  
STATE—

YES, EVEN IN  
CALIFORNIA OR  
WYOMING—

SOME ONE  
ELSE COULD  
BE INVOLVED—  
BUT  
WHO?

THE MAN WAS OBVIOUSLY GUILTY AND  
DALGREN'S INVESTIGATION AT PHILLIPSVILLE  
HAD GONE FOR NAUGHT— BING, WITH THE  
UNERRING INSTINCT OF THE GREAT  
NEWSPAPERMAN, WAS NOT SATISFIED—MERELY  
BEING THE LAST PERSON TO BE SEEN  
WITH A MURDERED VICTIM DID NOT ALWAYS  
PROVE THAT THE "LAST PERSON" HAD  
DONE THE KILLING— SO HE TOOK  
ANOTHER ANGLE—

WHERE WAS HAFNING'S SON?— HE MIGHT BE ABLE  
TO SHED SOME LIGHT ON HIS FATHER'S ACTIONS—  
NONE OF THE CITY DRAFT BOARDS HAD A  
RECORD OF A HAFNING HAVING REGISTERED  
FOR SERVICE— SO DALGREN CHECKED ON  
THE STATE AUTOMOBILE LICENSES— HE WAS  
RATHER SURPRISED TO FIND A DONALD  
HAFNING, OWNER OF A CAR WHOSE ADDRESS  
WAS A SMALL SUBURBAN VILLAGE NEAR NEW  
YORK CITY—

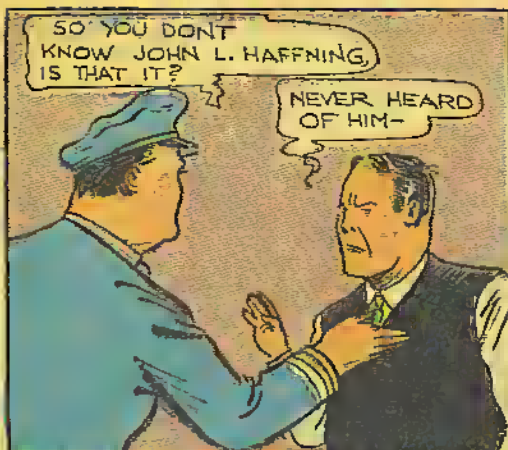
I'VE BEEN LOOKING FOR A  
GOOD USED CAR, MR. HAFNING—  
I HEARD YOU HAD ONE  
YOU MIGHT SELL—

MY  
CAR?—

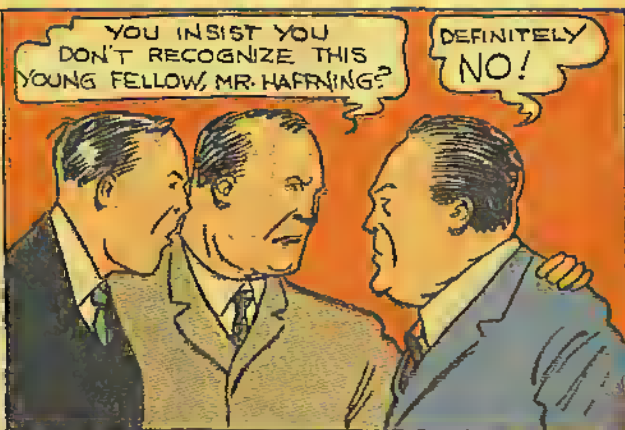
THAT GUY  
IS THE SPITTIN'  
IMAGE OF  
THE LAD I  
SAW IN  
THE PHOTO  
AT PHILLIPSVILLE—

THAT EVENING BING CALLED AT YOUNG HAFNING'S  
BOARDING HOUSE— HE TOLD HAFNING THAT HIS  
(DALGREN'S) NAME WAS JIM BRYSON AND HE THOUGHT  
MR. HAFNING MIGHT SELL HIM HIS AUTOMOBILE— WHILE  
THEY WERE DISCUSSING THE MATTER BING STUDIED  
HAFNING'S FEATURES— THEY RESEMBLED THOSE IN THE  
PHOTO DALGREN HAD SEEN AT PHILLIPSVILLE—

HAFNING WAS MOST AGREEABLE BUT  
REFUSED TO SELL HIS CAR— DALGREN  
WASN'T DISAPPOINTED— HOWEVER, BING  
COULDN'T UNDERSTAND WHY THE POLICE  
HAD NOT QUESTIONED THE YOUNG MAN—



THE SAME SOURCES HE USED WERE AVAILABLE TO THE POLICE—HE WAS THE ONLY OTHER HAFFNING LISTED AS A MOTOR CAR OWNER—BUT ON INFORMATION FROM A NEIGHBOR HE FOUND THAT THE POLICE HAD EXAMINED THE YOUNG MAN WHO EXPLAINED THAT HE WAS NOT RELATED TO THE MAN ACCUSED OF THE MURDER OF TRIXIE HALL— AND THERE WAS NO EVIDENCE AT ALL THAT HE WAS LYING —



BECAUSE HE HAD BEEN TAKEN TO CONFRONT JOHN L. HAFFNING IN HIS GELL AND NEITHER RECOGNIZED THE OTHER— WEEKS SLIPPED BY— BING DALGREN, MASTER REPORTER, WORKED ENDLESSLY ON THE MYSTERY— JOHN HAFFNING HAD NOT DENIED COMMITTING THE CRIME— THE CASE WOULD COME TO TRIAL IN A FEW DAYS— THE PAPERS WERE FILLED WITH THE SENSATIONAL STORY —

BY BING DALGREN

A GRIM STORY WAS REVEALED TODAY WHEN YOUR REPORTER LEARNED THAT JOHN L. HAFFNING'S WILL LEAVES HIS MILLION-DOLLAR ESTATE TO HIS SON, JOHN L. HAFFNING, JR.— YOUNG HAFFNING DISAPPEARED MANY YEARS AGO AND IN SPITE OF HIS FATHER'S EFFORTS THE SON HAS NOT BEEN FOUND— AS THERE ARE NO OTHER HEIRS SAVE A DISTANT COUSIN, THE FORTUNE WILL UNDOUBTEDLY GO TO THIS RELATIVE —

THE TRIAL FOR MURDER — THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY SAYS —

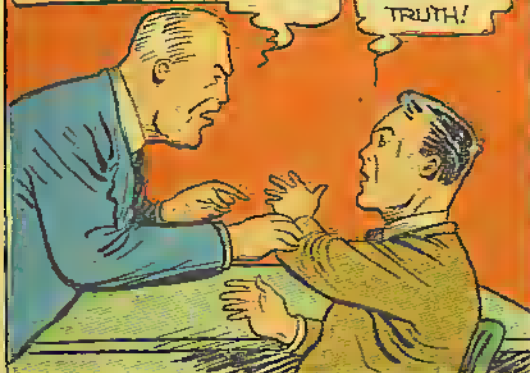


ONCE DALGREN GOT A HUNCH HE HUNG ON IN BULLDOG FASHION— HE WAS NOT CONVINCED THAT JOHN L. HAFFNING WAS GUILTY— EVERYONE ELSE SEEMED TO THINK SO AND THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY APPARENTLY HAD EVIDENCE ENOUGH TO "BURN" HIM— DALGREN THEN WENT INTO A "HUDDLE" WITH HIS MANAGING EDITOR, FEELEY— THE RESULT WAS A FIRST PAGE STORY OF WHICH THE ABOVE WAS A PART — THE TIMES-NEWS WAS THE ONLY PAPER TO RUN IT— AND IT CARRIED BING DALGREN'S "BY-LINE" AT THE TOP —

NEXT DAY AT NOON A SMOOTHLY ATTIRED YOUNG MAN CALLED AT THE TIMES-NEWS- OFFICE AND INQUIRED FOR MR. DALGREN— HE INTRODUCED HIMSELF AS JOHN L. HAFFNING, JUNIOR — HE WANTED TO TALK ABOUT HIS FATHER'S ESTATE— FROM BEHIND A DOOR IN THE RECEPTION ROOM STEPPED TWO DETECTIVES — "MR. HAFFNING JUNIOR" WAS UNDER ARREST —

ALLRIGHT BUDDY,  
LET'S HAVE THE  
TRUTH—YOU'RE  
NOT HAFFNING'S SON—  
COME ON AND "SING"!

THAT'S RIGHT—  
GIVE ME A  
BREAK AND  
I'LL TELL  
YOU THE  
TRUTH!



THE YOUNG MAN WAS TAKEN TO HEADQUARTERS  
AND UNDER A GRUELLING EXAMINATION  
CONFERSED THAT HE WAS NOT HAFFNING,  
BUT HAD BEEN SENT BY DONALD  
HAFFNING, THE REAL SON, WHO PROMISED  
HIM A PERCENTAGE IF HE SUCCEEDED IN  
CONVINCING THE AUTHORITIES THAT HE  
(THE YOUNG MAN) WAS THE LEGITIMATE HEIR

I, DONALD HAFFNING,  
CONFESS TO THE  
MURDER OF TRIXIE  
HALL ON THE  
NIGHT OF—

GO ON—  
TELL IT ALL—  
THE STENOGRAPHER  
IS TAKING DOWN  
YOUR STORY—



DONALD HAFFNING WAS PROMPTLY ARRESTED—  
UNDER THE LEVEL EYES OF THE OFFICERS  
HE FINALLY ADMITTED THAT HE HAD KILLED  
TRIXIE HALL—HIS FATHER HAD LONG SINCE  
DISOWNED HIM BECAUSE OF HIS WILD ESCAPADES  
AND HAD DRIVEN HIM FROM HIS (HIS FATHER'S)  
APARTMENT—HE WAS PASSIONATELY ENAMORED  
OF MISS HALL AND WANTED TO MARRY HER—  
MISS HALL HAD RESISTED HIS ATTENTIONS—  
HE DECIDED TO KILL HER—AND DID—



CLIMBING A FIRE-ESCAPE THE NIGHT  
OF THE MURDER, HE RAISED THE  
KITCHEN WINDOW, CRAWLED THROUGH  
A DARK HALL AND SEEING A MAN  
SEATED WITH HIS BACK TO HIM  
(WHICH HAPPENED TO BE HIS FATHER)  
HE FIRED AT THE SINGER, KILLING  
HER—



THE MOST SENSATIONAL ANGLE OF THE CASE WAS THAT  
THAT NIGHT HIS FATHER WAS ADVISING MISS HALL TO  
HAVE NOTHING TO DO WITH HIS WAYWARD SON—THE  
ELDER HAFFNING HAD HELPED A HOST OF YOUNG  
SINGERS AND SENT MANY OF THEM SMALL PRESENTS,  
WHICH WAS BROUGHT OUT LATER AND ACCOUNTED  
FOR THE GIFTS FOUND IN HER APARTMENT—MOREOVER,  
THE ELDER HAFFNING SUSPECTED THAT HIS SON  
FIRED THE SHOT BUT HIS PATERNAL LOVE FOR HIS  
BOY IN SPITE OF HIS WAYWARDNESS, SEALED HIS LIPS—

I WAS SURE, AFTER MY TRIP TO  
PHILLIPPSVILLE, THAT YOUNG  
HAFFNING WAS INVOLVED—THE EVENING I FIRST SAW THE  
BOY I KNEW HE LOOKED LIKE THE KID IN THE PHOTOGRAPH—  
HIS OLD MAN LOVED HIS SON—HE WAS READY TO TAKE THE  
"RAP" FOR HIM—MOST PARENTS ARE LIKE THAT—THE LITTLE  
SCOUNDREL WAS EVEN WILLING TO SEE HIS FATHER CONVICTED  
AS A MURDERER—THEN I WROTE THE PHONY STORY ABOUT  
THE WILL—THE KID DIDN'T WANT TO LOSE HIS LEGACY, AS I  
KNEW HE WOULDN'T—WE FINALLY GOT THE OLD MAN FREED  
FROM THE CHARGE OF "CONCEALING A CRIME"

IT WAS A TERRIFIC STORY—DALGREN HAD "SCOOPED" THE  
CITY—THE FATHER WAS ABSOLVED FROM GUILT THE SON WENT  
TO PRISON FOR A LONG, ENDLESS "STRETCH" ONE NIGHT  
SHORTLY AFTERWARDS BING GAVE HIS MODEST VERSION  
OF THE CASE—



ALL NAMES AND CHARACTERS USED IN THIS STORY  
ARE FICTITIOUS. ANY SIMILARITY TO ACTUAL PER-  
SONS LIVING OR DEAD IS PURELY COINCIDENTAL.

# NICK CARTER "JEWEL of DEATH"

THE HIGHEST ORDER OF THIEF...THE MOST BRILLIANT AND DARING...IS THE JEWEL THIEF THE "JEWEL OF DEATH," A DIAMOND OF BREATH-TAKING CLARITY AND BEAUTY HAS FOR CENTURYS BEEN THE GOAL OF THE GREATEST THIEVES. MANY MEN HAVE DIED FOR AND BECAUSE OF IT...AND NOW, IT HAS BECOME THE CENTER OF ANOTHER BAFFLING MURDER....



YOUR JEWEL OF DEATH  
INTRIGUES ME---I'LL  
LET YOU KNOW MY DE-  
CISION TOMORROW,  
MR. BLACK....

A MAN CAME INTO THE ELITE JEWELERS,  
ASKING TO SEE THE MOST VALUABLE GEMS IN  
THE SHOP. HE WAS RECOMMENDED BY NOTE, BY  
ONE OF THE OWNER'S PRIZE CUSTOMERS....  
AS HE LEAVES.....



YEAH!  
HE MAY LOCK  
HIMSELF IN  
THE SAFE!

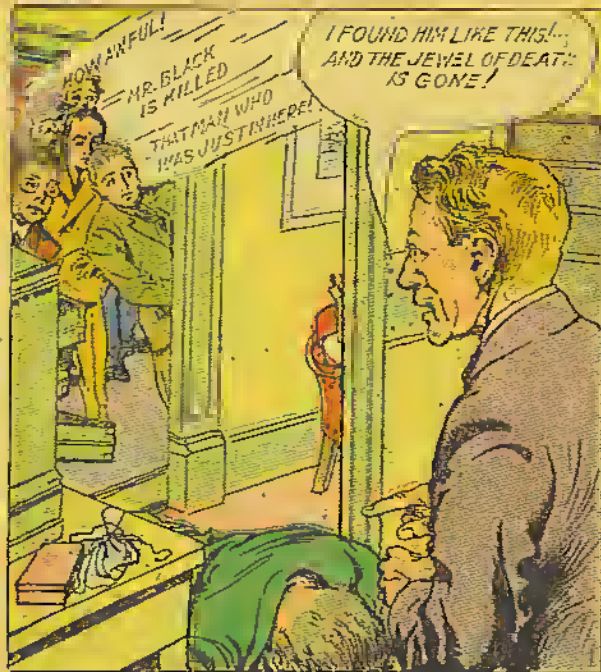


BETTER GO IN AND HELP  
THE OLD MAN PUT THE  
TRAYS AWAY....

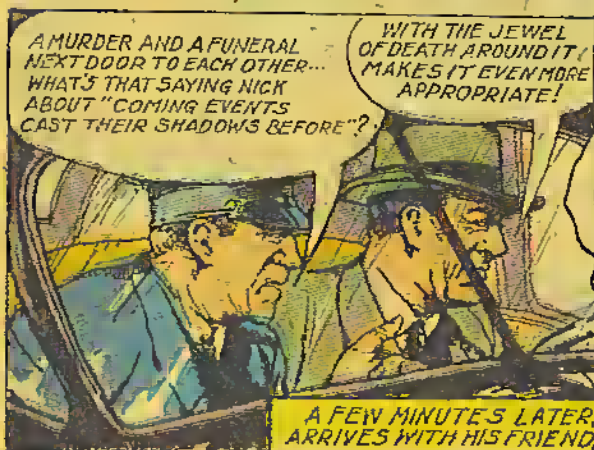


HELP...  
HELP!!

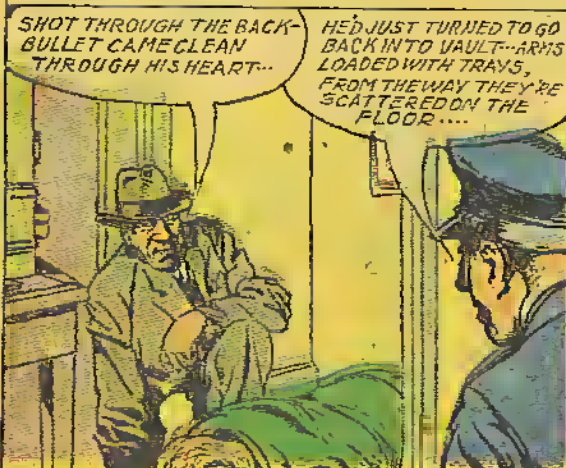
A MOMENT LATER.....



I FOUND HIM LIKE THIS...  
AND THE JEWEL OF DEATH  
IS GONE!

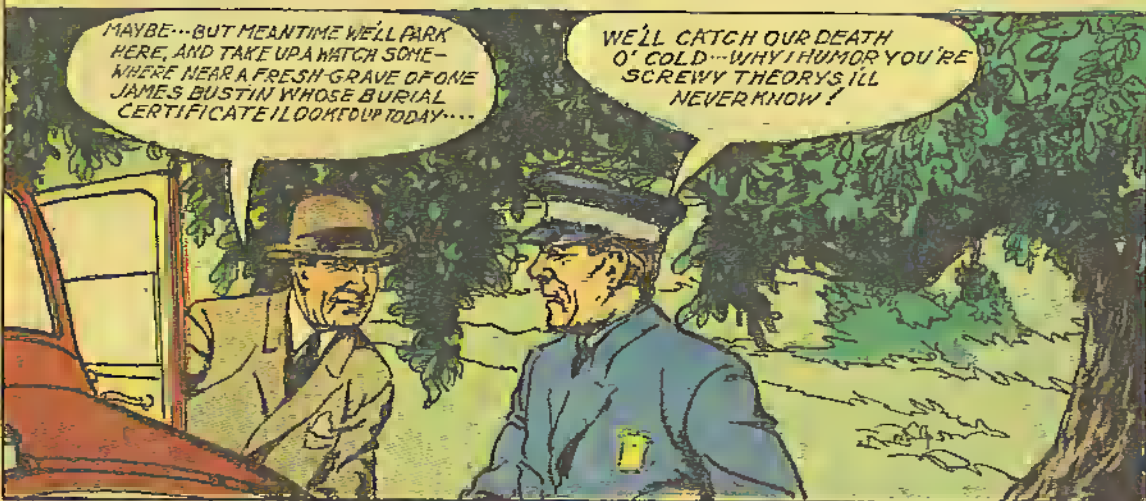
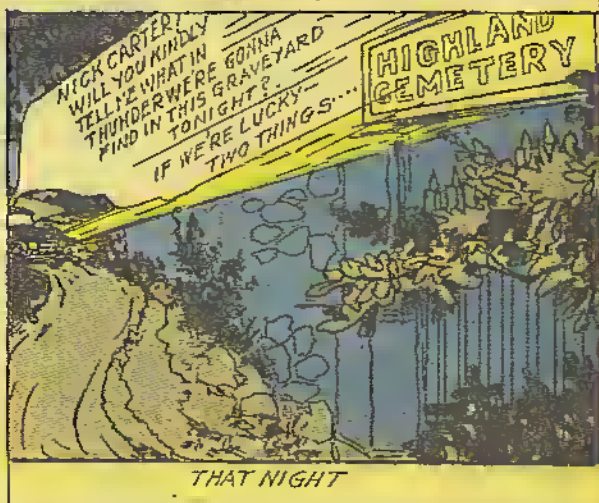


A FEW MINUTES LATER, INSPECTOR BURKE  
ARRIVES WITH HIS FRIEND, NICK CARTER....



THEY GO OVER THE SCENE OF THE MURDER....







THE NEW GRAVE IS  
JUST ABOUT IN THE  
CENTER--MAKE AS  
LITTLE NOISE AS  
POSSIBLE...

WHAT'S WRONG?  
DONTCHA WANNA  
WAKE UP THE  
GHOSTS?



HOLD IT!  
HEAR THAT?

SOUNDS OF  
DIGGING!

CLANK...  
SCRAPE...  
CLANK...  
CLINK...

SUDDENLY



SOUNDS  
OF  
DIGGING!



A BLASTED  
GRAVE ROBBER!  
LET'S NAB  
HIM!

DOWN YOU FOOL!...  
NOT YET!...  
IT'S NOT GOING TO  
BE THAT EASY!

IF YOU FLUSH HIM  
OUT- HE'LL MAKE HIS  
BREAKOVER THAT  
WALL....

NOT BEFORE  
I'D DROP  
HIM WITH A  
BULLET.



CONTROL THAT HOT TEMPER  
AND LISTEN! HE'S DIGGING  
FOR THE JEWEL OF DEATH!  
ONCE HE HAS IT ON HIM-  
OUR CASE AGAINST HIM AS  
THE KILLER-THIEF IS  
AIR-TIGHT!

HMMMM-  
YOU'RE RIGHT,  
NICK. OKAY-  
WHAT'S YOUR  
PLAN?

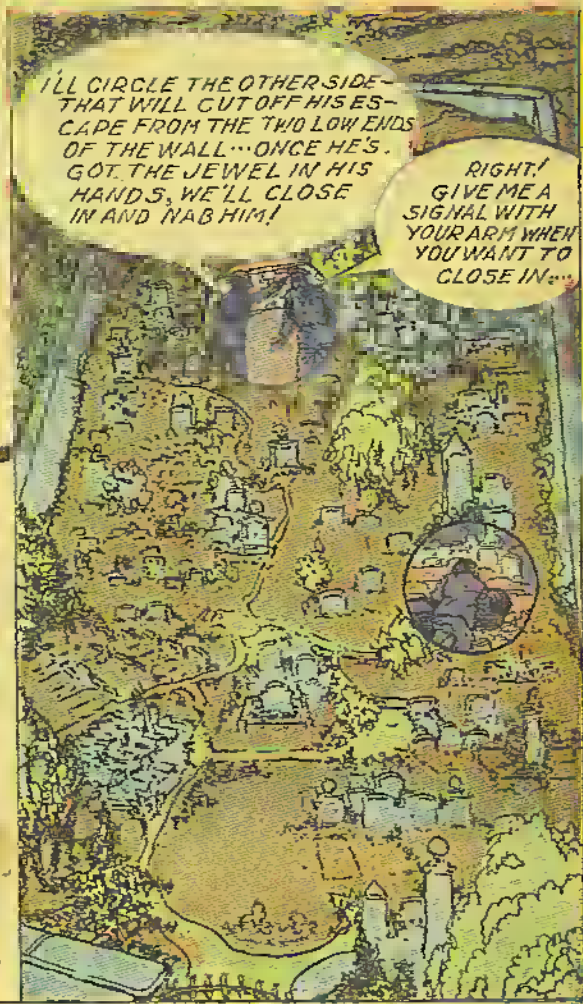


GOOD  
LUCK!



I'LL CIRCLE THE OTHER SIDE-  
THAT WILL CUT OFF HIS ES-  
CAPE FROM THE TWO LOW ENDS  
OF THE WALL...ONCE HE'S  
GOT THE JEWEL IN HIS  
HANDS, WE'LL CLOSE  
IN AND NAB HIM!

RIGHT!  
GIVE ME A  
SIGNAL WITH  
YOUR ARM WHEN  
YOU WANT TO  
CLOSE IN...





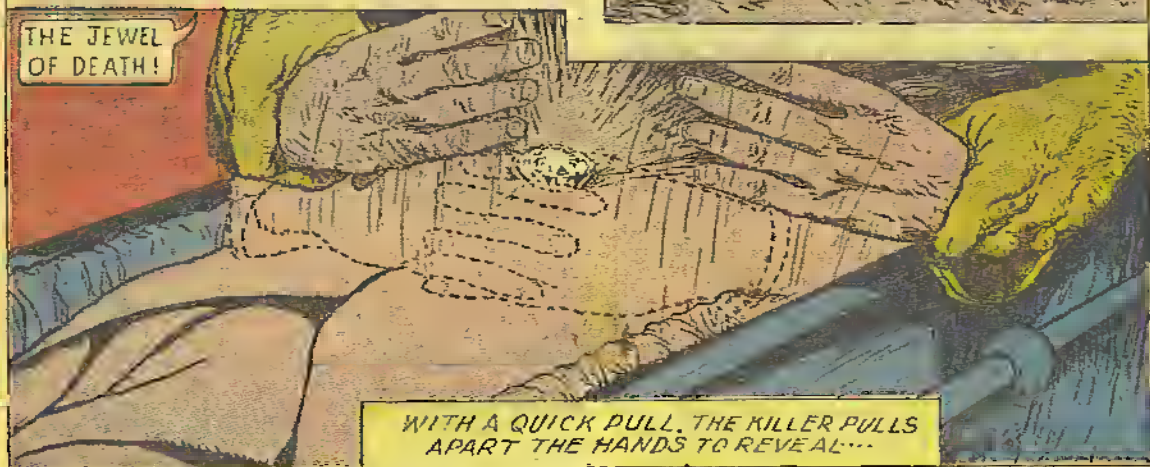
MEANWHILE, THE KILLER-THIEF  
WORKS FEVERISHLY!



THE KILLER STOODS OVER THE  
BODY, CLASPING EACH WRIST....



THE JEWEL  
OF DEATH!



WITH A QUICK PULL, THE KILLER PULLS  
APART THE HANDS TO REVEAL...



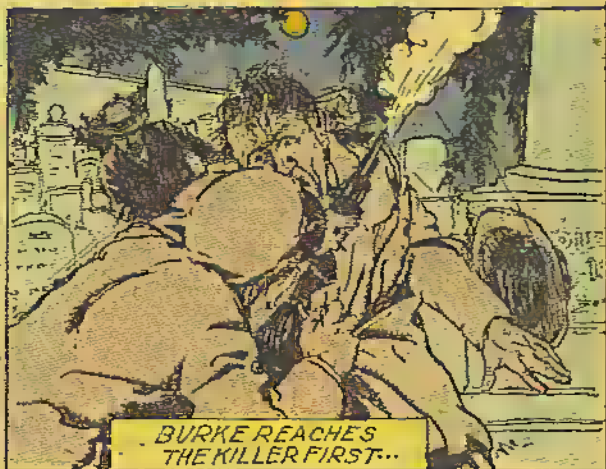
THE MOMENT THE KILLER-THIEF GRASPS THE DIAMOND, NICK,  
WHO HAS GAINED THE OTHER KNOLL, GIVES THE SIGNAL!



THEY SPEED TOWARD THE  
KILLER-THIEF WHO HEARS THEM!



OHNNNNNN!

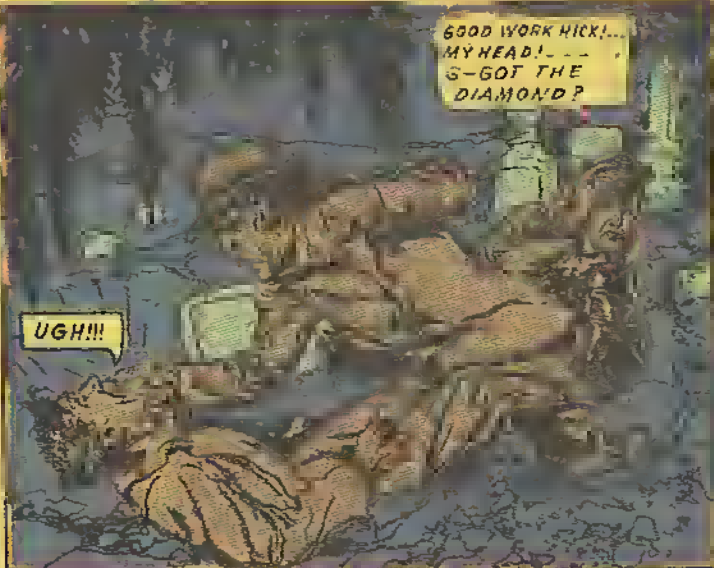


BURKE REACHES  
THE KILLER FIRST...



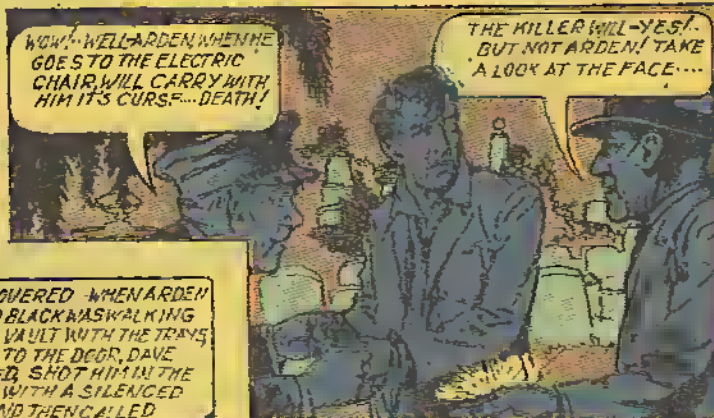


NICK HITS HARD AND FAST AS  
THE GUN BARKS!....



UGH!!!

GOOD WORK HICK!...  
MY HEAD!...  
GOT THE  
DIAMOND?



WOW!... WELL ARDEN WHEN HE  
GOES TO THE ELECTRIC  
CHAIR WILL CARRY WITH  
HIM ITS CURSE... DEATH!

THE KILLER WILL - YES!...  
BUT NOT ARDEN! TAKE  
A LOOK AT THE FACE!...

WELL, I'LL BELIEVE IT'S DAVE-  
THE CLERK WHO DISCOVERED  
THE BODY!

NOT DISCOVERED WHEN ARDEN  
LEFT, AND BLACK WAS WALKING  
INTO THE VAULT WITH THE TRAYS,  
HIS BACK TO THE DOOR. DAVE  
ENTERED, SHOT HIM IN THE  
BACK WITH A SILENCED  
GUN AND THEN CALLED  
FOR HELP!...



NICK DIPS INTO THE KILLER-THIEF'S  
POCKET AND....

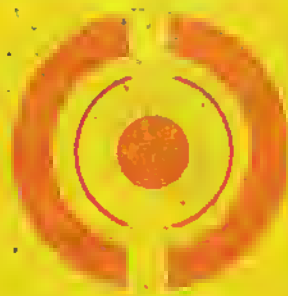
IT WAS A CLEVER PLAN, BUT I SAW THROUGH IT.  
WHEN I SAW THE TRAYS SPILED ALL OVER  
THE ROOM, BLACK WOULDN'T HAVE STARTED  
TO PUT THE TRAYS AWAY, TILL AFTER  
ARDEN LEFT.



TAKING ADVANTAGE OF THE SNOOZING AND TIDY OF THE OTHER  
CLERKS, HE CAME OUT OF THE STORE TO GET A POLICEMAN, BUT  
FIRST ENTERED THE UNDERTAKERS NEXT DOOR. DISCOVERED  
THE DIAMOND UNDER THE DEAD MAN'S HANDS!...



# INNER CIRCLE



## THE WINNER, LOSES!

CHICK CARTER sat on the podium and smiled as his famous foster father, Nick Carter, spoke to the members of the Inner Circle. "Today," he was saying, "it is more important than ever that groups like ours, groups who fight to defend law and order, should band together, for now as never before, crime is rampant. I see that Chick is smiling, for he knows what the story is that I intend to tell you.

"This is no story of big criminals and of murder. Instead it is a story of a swindle that was within the law. The kind of petty thievery that costs us, each and every one of us, money, each year.

"This is a story of a big orange dealer . . . who had no orange trees . . . no groves . . . no investment at all except about fifteen dollars for advertising."

**"Send in Your Entry Today!"**

"It happened when Chick and I were down south. Chick was reading a paper. It was a local paper with a small circulation. Chick said, 'Here is a funny one, Dad. Look!'"

Opening his wallet, Nick took out a clipping. "I kept the ad. Here it is. 'Enter contest today. No money required. Send in your biggest orange to me. If it wins, if it is the biggest, you can win a hundred dollars. A hundred, count them, a hundred!'"

Chick interrupted. "We didn't know how long the ad had been running, but it was curious for we couldn't figure out why anyone would hold such a contest."

Nick nodded. "We went out and bought an orange and sent it to the address in the ad."

The members looked a little puzzled. Sue asked, "What has all this got to do with an orange dealer who had no groves, who had no oranges?"

"You'll see in just a moment," said Chick.

"We sent our orange entry off to the gentleman, if you can call him that, who was running the contest. Well, we never heard from him. Now, I suppose the average person who sent an orange just shrugged, assumed that his orange didn't win the prize and let it go at that. We didn't. We went meandering down to see the man who had advertised.

He was named Clemens.

"And what a trip it was getting out to his place. It was near an alligator farm and we were startled when we saw the oranges, all crated up, on trucks near the place. It was obvious that no oranges would grow in that section."

### "The Gaff!"

"By the time we saw all the crated oranges, of course, we had figured out what the angle, the gaff was." Nick smiled at the members and said, "Don't tell me you haven't seen it yet?"

Beef grunted, "I don't get anything. I'm just confused."

"Well," Nick went on, "we made our way into the house that stood near the alligator farm. We found Mr. Clemens all right. He was busily engaged in placing oranges in a crate and nailing the crate tight."

"He wasn't very happy to see us either," said Chick. "But go on, Dad."

"No, he didn't greet us with open arms. He grunted out something that sounded like, 'Whaddye want?'"

"I said that we'd sent an entry in to his contest and wondered whether or not it had won. He looked even less happy when he heard that. He looked behind us and said, 'Get the suckers.'"

"Before we could move, two men grabbed us from the rear. They were bare footed and we had not heard them enter the room."

"I can tell you," interrupted Chick, "that we felt like awful fools when we saw the way we'd been trapped. We were miles away from anywhere; the men were really tough looking hombres and they didn't look as if they wanted to indulge in light conversation."

Nick said, "Mr. Clemens, the man who operated the racket, grunted to them to take us and show us the alligator farm. Of course, that was when they made their mistake. For the racket was fool-proof and within the law. The only thing that we were able to get them on was the abduction and attempted killing that we were subjected to."

"You're telling the story backwards, Dad.

Remember the way we felt when they dragged us out into that hot muddy swamp and we saw those alligators?"

"I remember all right." Nick shook his head at the memory.

### "Free Lunch"

"The men who were holding us did not take any chances. They stayed behind us, moved us up to the edge of the creek that ran by the road and with no warning pushed us in with the alligators."

"At that, do you know, if they had stayed there, we might now be part of an alligator purse hanging on some woman's arm!" Chick interjected.

Sue shuddered and said, "How horrible! What happened?"

"The water," said Nick, "was slow moving and muddy. There was a lot of debris, branches of rotten trees, trash of every description, floating around in the mucky water."

"It was Chick who seized the first opportunity. As the men turned their backs to go back to the house, they had seen a big alligator start for us, Chick picked up a hunk of branch about ten inches long.

"I had no idea of what he intended to do so I got a branch like his. Chick waited till the last second. We could count the blackened teeth in that cavernous maw as it came at us, then, just as the slashing teeth began to rip down, Chick shoved his hand into the monster's mouth. It took courage, believe me."

### "Alligator Trap!"

"He pushed his arm straight down that huge hungry mouth. The trap-like mouth snapped down. But the stick that Chick was holding in his hand was at right angles to the alligator's jaws. They came to a stop as the stick jammed into the tongue and the roof of his mouth. He could not close those gaping jaws.

"Before any of the other reptiles could get to us, we were up on dry land. We headed away from the gentle ministrations of Mr. Clemens, feeling that we had had quite enough of his hospitality. We made our way back to

town and got the local law to help us.

"The sheriff accepted the condition of our clothes as evidence of what had happened. He went back to Mr. Clemens' place with enough deputies to insure success.

"They were jailed and as I say, put away on the evidence we gave about the attempted murder." But for that, they would still be running their racket."

"No, no longer, Dad." Chick held up an envelope. "They passed a law down there making what Clemens was doing the same as a lottery, which is illegal."

"You see," said Nick. "The con game was so slick that it was inside the law. They had to pass a law to get rid of the danger!"

Sue said, "Hold on, maybe you and Chick knew what you're talking about, but we don't. What was the racket?"

"Oh that. . ."

### "The Twist!"

"He advertised in the paper as I have told you, offering a prize for the biggest orange he

received and he legitimately gave a prize every once in a while so there could be no squawk on that score. But in reality all he was doing was getting tons and tons of oranges for nothing!"

"And don't forget, Dad, they were the best oranges in Florida because of the fact that they were contest entries. Each person that sent one in, sent his biggest and best."

"For a total of about ten or fifteen dollars for ads and the occasional hundred dollars that he gave away, he got in return, thousands of dollars worth of oranges. It was neat all right!"

Chick and Nick stood up as the meeting broke up. Nick said, "As I said earlier, these are peculiar times that we are living through. Society, and that means all of us, must lean over backwards in order to counterbalance the crime that is rampant. It is in the hands of the younger generation, in *your* hands, that we older people must look for help in fighting crime."

"But, more of that at our next meeting. Till then, so long."



Statement of the Ownership, Management, etc., required by the Acts of Congress of August 24, 1912, and March 3, 1933, of Shadow Comics, published monthly, at New York, N. Y., for October 1, 1946.

State of New York, County of New York (ss.)

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared H. W. Ralston, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that he is Vice President of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers of Shadow Comics, and that the following is, to the best of his knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publishers, Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; editor, W. J. deGrouchy, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; managing editors, none; business managers, none.

2. That the owners are: Street & Smith Publications, Inc., 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y., a corporation owned through stock holdings by Gerald H. Smith, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Ormond V.

Gould, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.; Allen L. Grammer, 122 East 42nd Street, New York 17, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages or other securities are: None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company, but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief, as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by him.

H. W. RALSTON, Vice President,  
Of Street & Smith Publications, Inc., publishers.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 30th day of September, 1946. Edward F. Kasmir, Notary Public No. 455, New York County. (My commission expires March 30, 1947.)

THE  
HOT  
STOVE  
LEAGUE  
WITH  
THORNTON  
FISHER

# "ANGELS" IN SPORT

BEWARE OF  
SOME "ANGELS"  
CULTIVATE OTHERS

HELLO, THORNTON,  
I'VE GOT A  
BOY HERE  
IN HIGH  
SCHOOL  
WHO WANTS  
TO BE A  
BOXER—WILL  
YOU LOOK AT  
HIM AND  
ADVISE US?

YES,  
BRING HIM  
IN NEXT  
SATURDAY.

ONE DAY IN 1934 WHILE I WAS  
WORKING OVER MY DRAWING BOARD  
I RECEIVED A PHONE CALL FROM  
A N.Y. HIGH SCHOOL ATHLETIC  
DIRECTOR—THE ABOVE CONVER-  
SATION TOOK PLACE—

AS A STAR FOOTBALL  
PLAYER ON THE JOHN  
ADAMS HIGH SCHOOL  
TEAM SIMON "BUSTED"  
ALL OPPONENTS—HE  
WAS TERRIFIC—

THAT SATURDAY  
MORNING A HUGE  
YOUNG GIANT, 6 FT.

4 INCHES, WEIGHING OVER 250 LBS,  
DUCKED UNDER THE TOP OF MY DOOR—  
HIS NAME WAS ABE SIMON—HE WAS  
ACCOMPANIED BY THE ATHLETIC DIRECTOR  
(WHO, BY THE WAY, SOUGHT NO FINANCIAL  
COMPENSATION)

HE'S  
NOT  
REAL!

THE YOUTHFUL HERCULES  
REMOVED HIS SHIRT  
AND FLEXED HIS MUSCLES  
FOR US—HE LOOKED

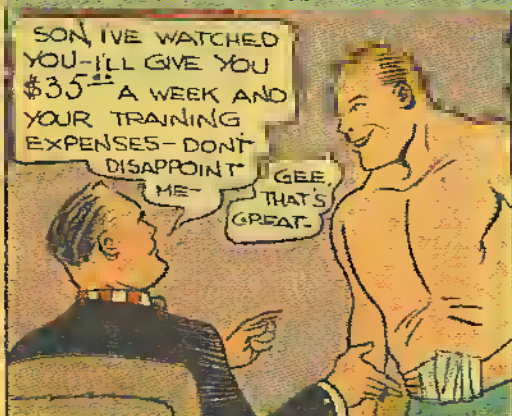
MORE LIKE A  
WRESTLER—



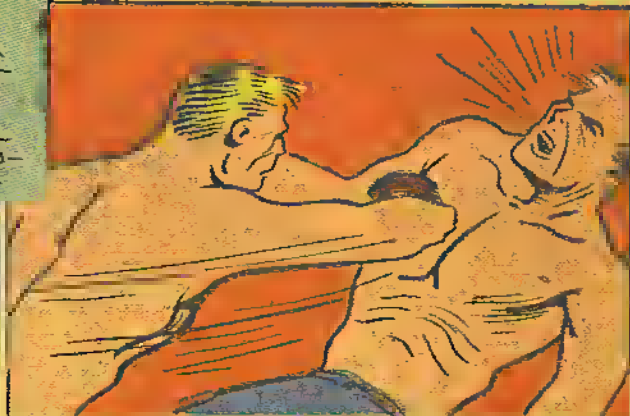
THIS WAS THE ADVICE WE GAVE THE YOUNG MAN ASPIRING TO A RING CAREER—IT MIGHT BE FOLLOWED BY OTHERS SEEKING SIMILAR INFORMATION—FIRST GET A RELIABLE MANAGER—DON'T LET 3 OR 4 PERSONS CUT YOU IN PIECES—THAT IS DON'T SPLIT YOUR PURSES AMONG A GROUP OF SO-CALLED MANAGERS



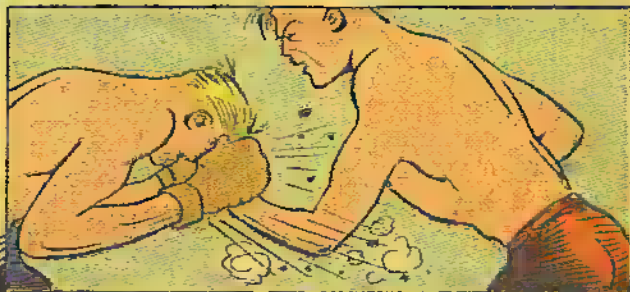
THERE ARE MANY 'STRAIGHT-SHOOTERS' AMONG FIGHT MANAGERS—UNFORTUNATELY THERE ARE A FEW WHO BELIEVE THAT AN EQUAL SPLIT MEANS 90% FOR THE MANAGER AND 10% FOR THE FIGHTER—LOOK OUT!



A NUMBER OF WEALTHY SPORTSMEN ARE OFTEN EAGER TO ACT AS "ANGELS" FOR YOUNG FIGHTERS—THESE MEN PAY THE BEGINNER'S TRAINING EXPENSES AND LIVING COSTS IF THE BOY SHOWS REAL PROMISE—SUCH "ANGELS" ARE MORE INTERESTED IN DISCOVERING A POTENTIAL CHAMPION THAN IN MAKING ANY MONEY—THEY'RE SAFE—IT WAS THOUGHT THAT GENE TUNNEY "ANGELED" SIMON—



YOUR MANAGER, IF SMART, WILL START HIS BOY AGAINST FIGHTERS OF EQUAL OR LESS SKILL—A FEW EARLY VICTORIES WILL GIVE THE YOUNGSTER CONFIDENCE—ESPECIALLY IF HE REGISTERS SOME K.O.'S—IF THE BOY IS BEATEN TOO OFTEN AT THE BEGINNING HIS MORALE IS APT TO WITHER—



BEWARE OF THE UNSCRUPULOUS MANAGER WHO, FOR THE SAKE OF QUICK MONEY TO HIMSELF, RUSHES HIS YOUNG-FIGHTER TOO SOON INTO A RING AGAINST A TOUGH, SKILLED, EXPERIENCED MAN—SOME HAVE DONE IT—ONE BIG PURSE AND PERHAPS THE FINISH OF A PROMISING FIGHTER—



ABE SIMON HEEDED THIS ADVICE—HE KNOCKED OUT MORE THAN A SCORE OF MEN—IN 1941 HE STAYED 13 RDS. WITH JOE LOUIS—IN 1942 HE FOUGHT LOUIS FOR THE WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP BEING K.O.'D IN THE 6<sup>TH</sup> RD.—HE RETIRED AS A VERY YOUNG MAN—

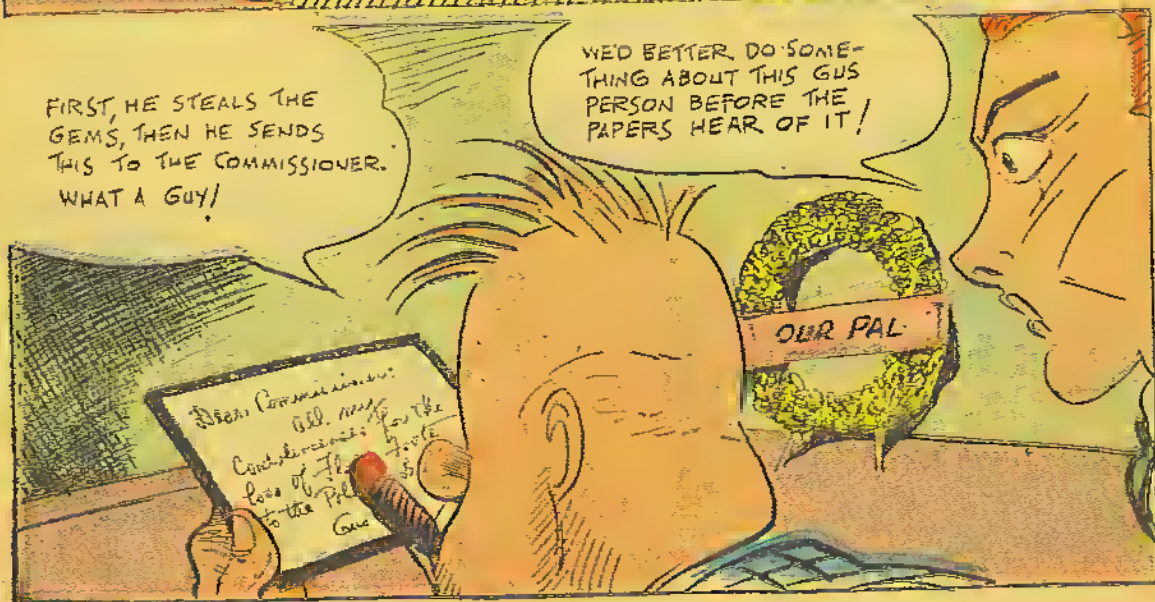
# FLATTY FOOT

## (GHOULISH QUEST)



FIRST, HE STEALS THE GEMS, THEN HE SENDS THIS TO THE COMMISSIONER. WHAT A GUY!

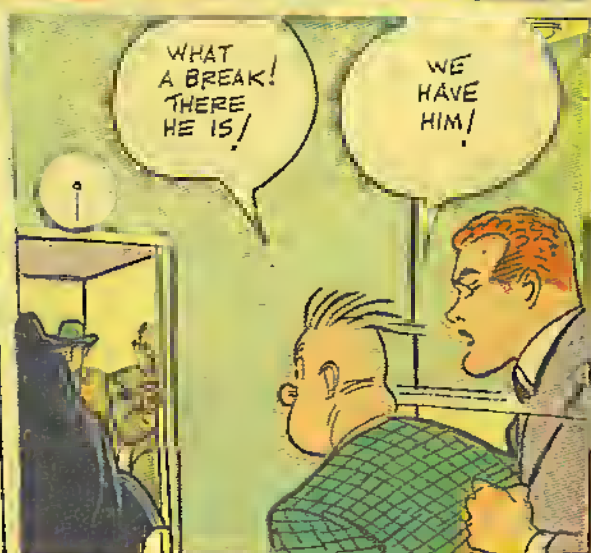
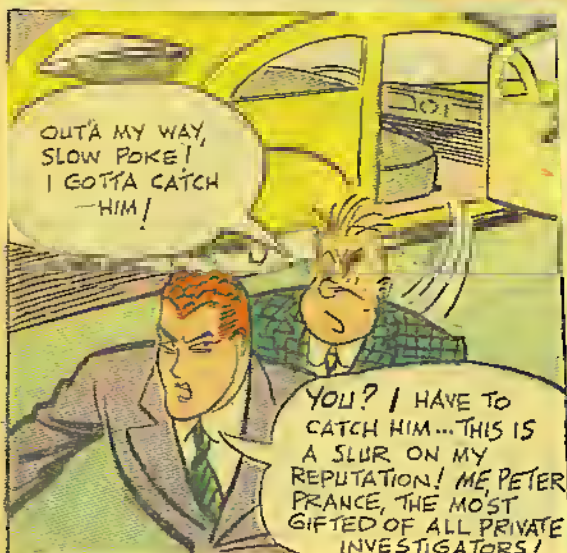
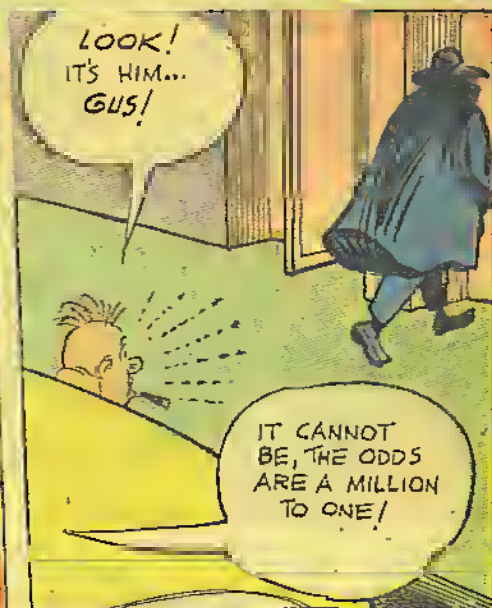
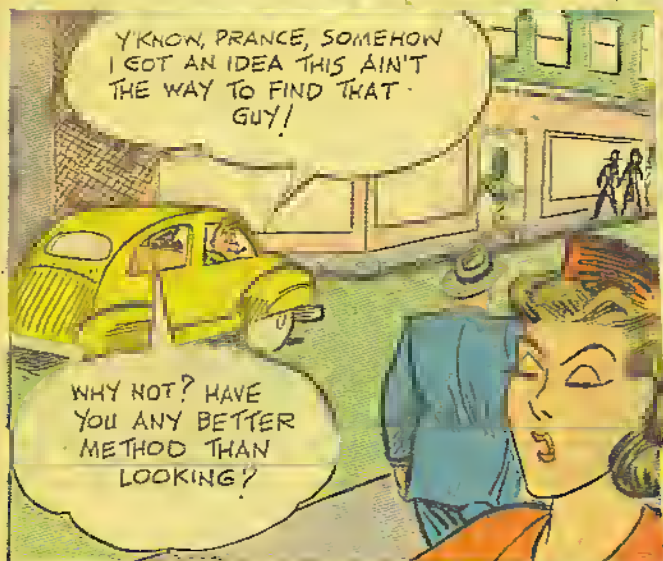
WE'D BETTER DO SOMETHING ABOUT THIS GUS PERSON BEFORE THE PAPERS HEAR OF IT!

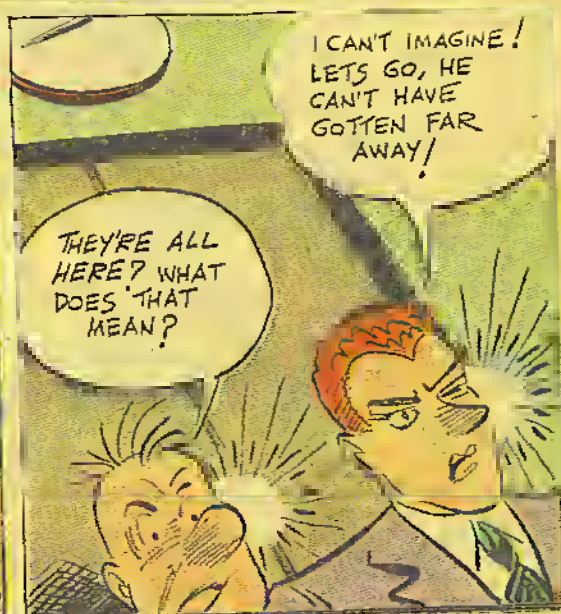
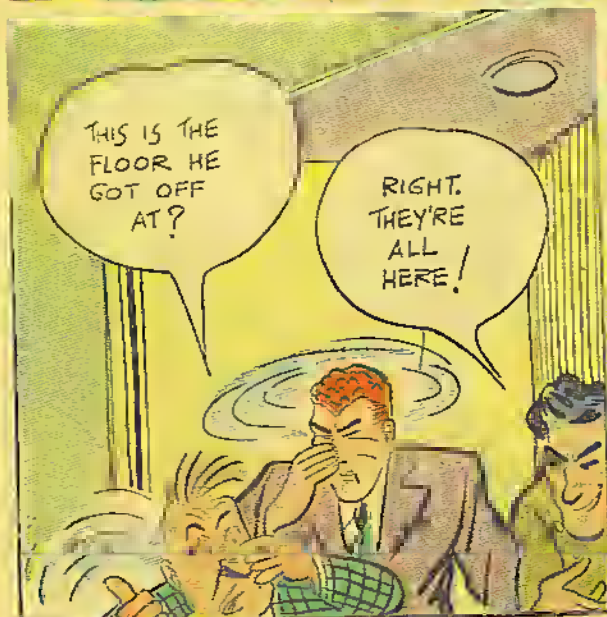
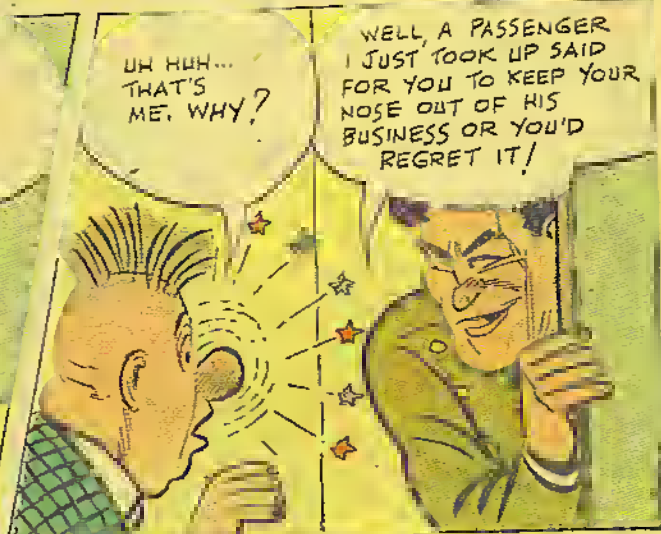
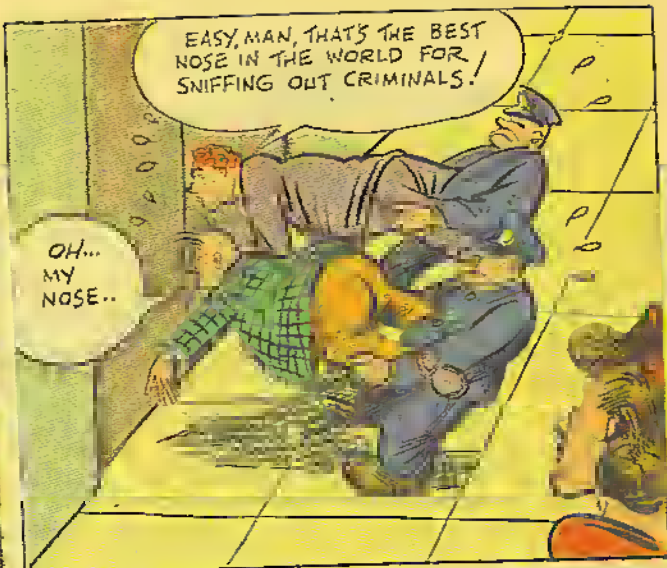
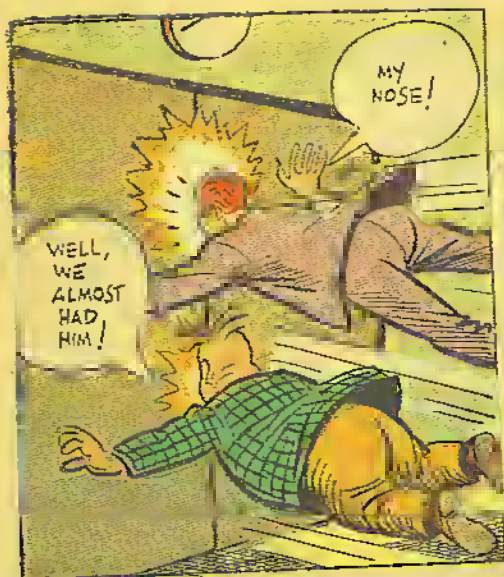


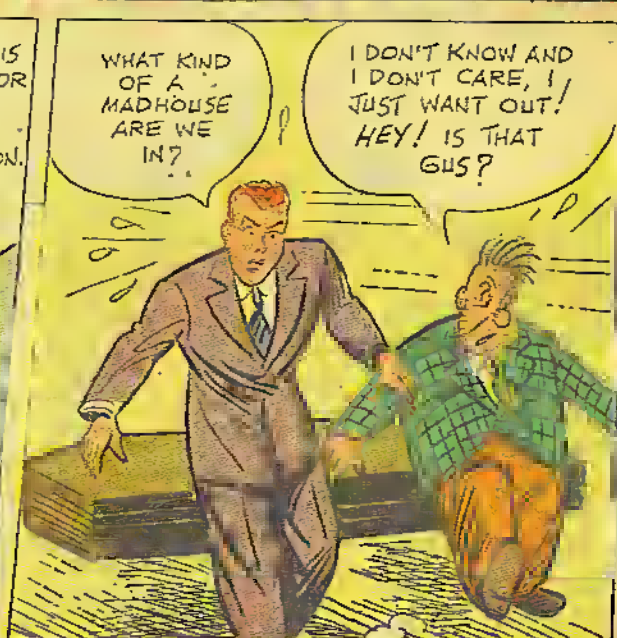
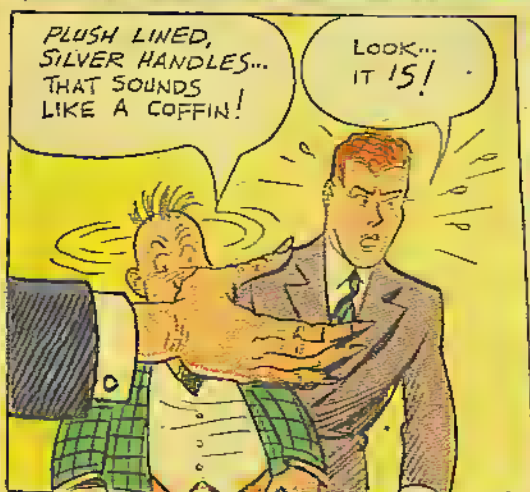
ON THE STREETS...

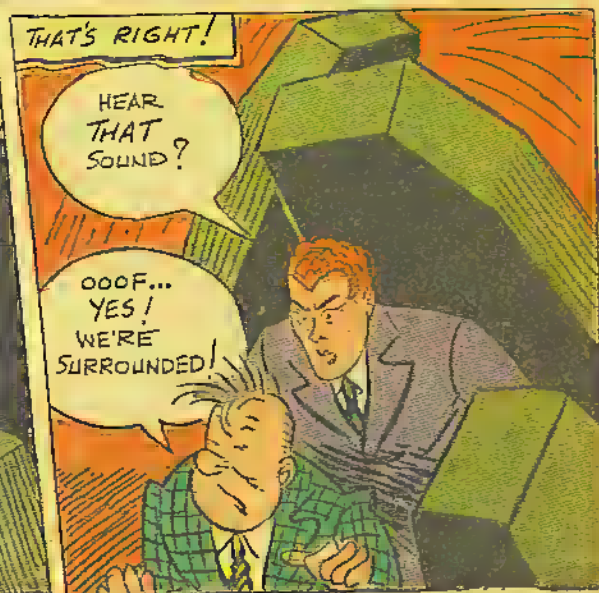
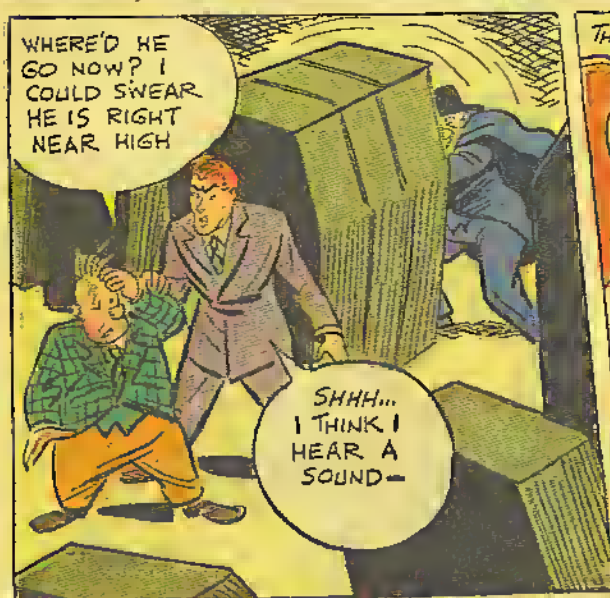
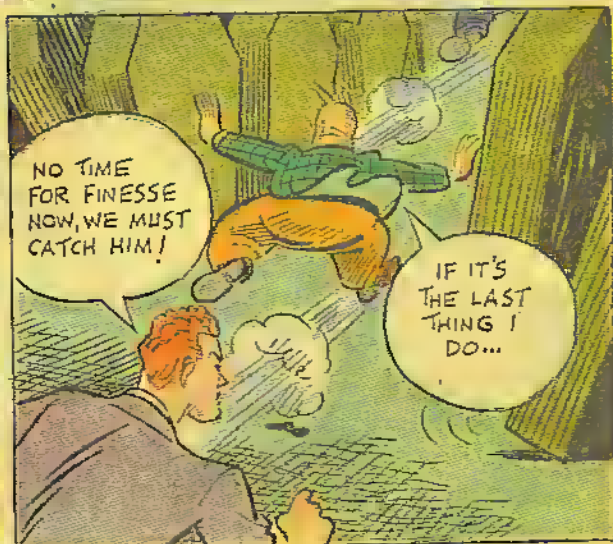
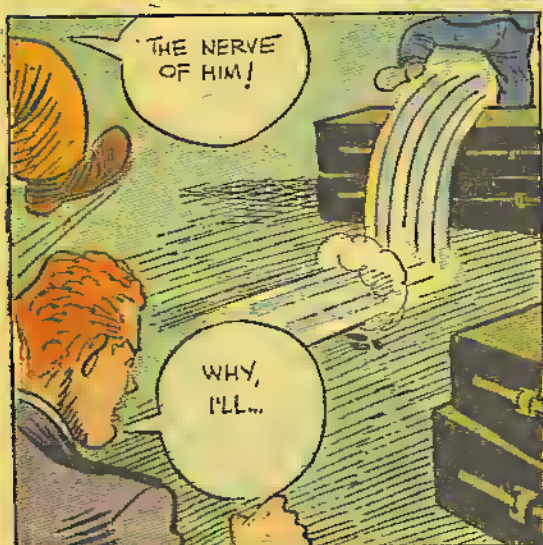
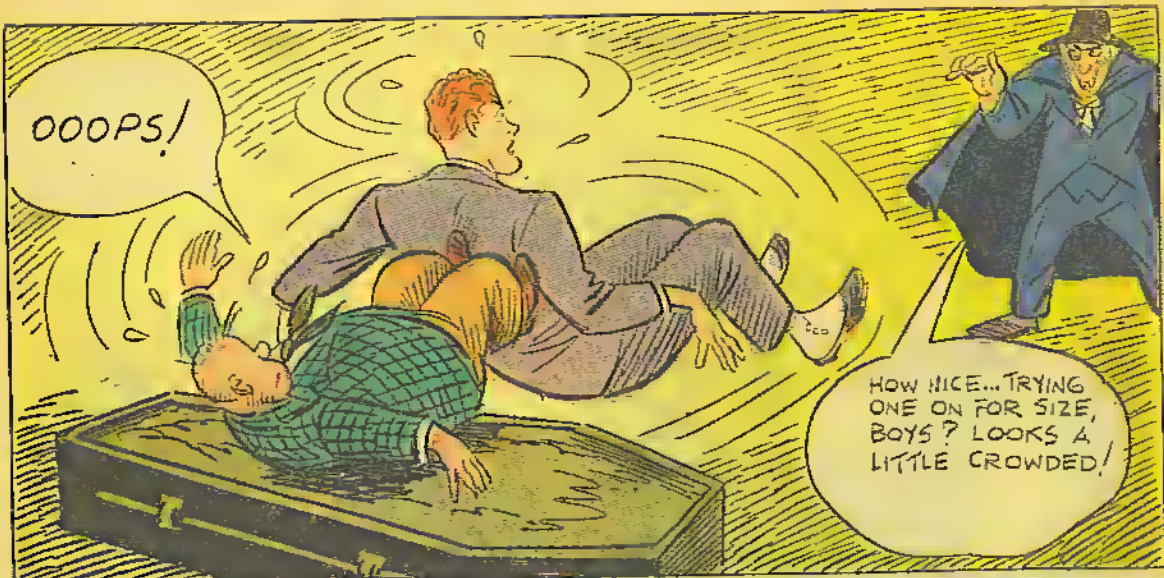


BUT THE CITY HAS A MERE MILLION SOULS IN IT...











TEH TEH! WHAT  
A PITY... WELL,  
I MUST DO MY  
DUTY AS A CIVIC  
MINDED  
CITIZEN!



YES, YOU'D BETTER  
GO UP AND SEE.  
THERE'S SOME  
RUFFIANS MAKING  
A DISTURBANCE.  
AND IN SUCH A  
PLACE...

THAT'S  
TERRIBLE...  
I'LL SHOW  
THE HOODLUMS!



SO THERE Y'ARE,  
YE SPALPEENS! THE  
JEDGE'LL ENJOY  
SENTENCING THE  
LOIKES OF YE! OUT  
OF THAT, AND NOO!

OH FINE! WE  
HAD TO GET A  
COP WHO DOESN'T  
KNOW ME!



HAVE YE NO  
SHAME 7 TO  
MAKE ANY  
ANNOYANCE  
AT SUCH A  
PLACE!

WHAT DO YOU  
MEAN AT SUCH  
A PLACE? I'LL  
HAVE YOU KNOW  
I'M A DETECTIVE!



AN UNDERTAKER'S  
CONVENTION! NO  
WONDER GUS THE  
GHOUL WAS AT  
HOME HERE!

I'LL  
PUT HIM  
AT HOME,  
BEHIND  
BARS WHERE  
HE BELONGS!

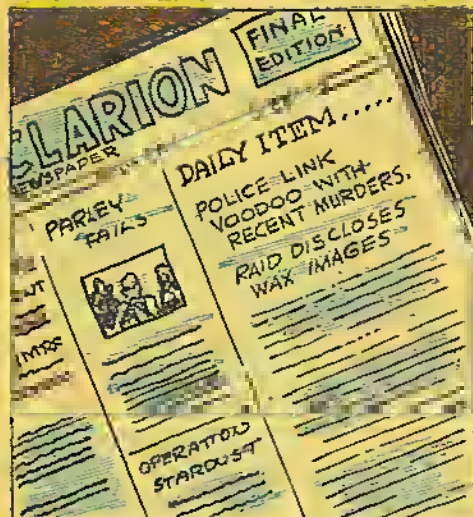
BUT CAN FLATTY  
OUTWIT THE CANNY MACHINATIONS  
OF THE MASTER MIND OF THE MACABRE?  
READ NEXT MONTH'S FLATTY FOOTE...

# The Shadow ENDS The Voodoo Hoodoo



**T**HIS IS THE STORY OF THE  
SHADOW'S ENCOUNTER WITH  
DOCTOR MACABRE, MASTER OF  
WEIRD VODOO RITES, WHO  
USES SUCH DEVICES AS A  
PRELUDE TO MURDER!!!

**O**NLY THE KEEN BRAIN OF THE  
SHADOW COULD FERRET  
OUT THE EVIL LURKING IN THE  
HEART OF DOCTOR MACABRE  
AND END THE VODOO  
HOODOO !!!



THERE YOU SEE THEM, CRANSTON! SIX WAX IMAGES, ALL PIERCED WITH PINS, EACH REPRESENTING A DEFINITE PERSON!

I RECOGNIZE THREE PERSONS ALREADY MURDERED. THEREFORE THE OTHER DOLLS MUST REPRESENT PEOPLE THREATENED BY

DEATH!

HOW HORRIBLE!



WE HAVEN'T TRACED THE OWNER OF THE IMAGES YET. BUT WHY SHOULD HE BOTHER STICKING PINS IN DOLLS BEFORE MURDERING PEOPLE?

I CAN ANSWER THAT QUESTION, COMMISSIONER..



AT ANY RATE, WE MUST LEARN WHO THESE THREE IMAGES REPRESENT BEFORE THE KILLERS REACH THEIR VICTIMS!

EITHER THAT, OR WE MUST FIND THE MAN BEHIND THIS EVIL! I'LL SEE WHAT I CAN UNCOVER! FROM THE VOODOO ANGLE! COME ALONG, MARGO!

UNQUESTIONABLY THIS FIEND HAS SOLD SOME KILLERS ON THE NOTION THAT HIS VOODOO WILL PROTECT THEM. SO HE PIERCES THE DOLLS TO ROUSE HIS EVIL FOLLOWERS INTO A MOOD OF MURDER!



WHAT'S THE  
FIRST MOVE,  
LAMONT?

TO VISIT ALL  
SHOPS THAT  
SELL STRANGE  
CHARMS AND  
LEARN WHAT-  
EVER WE CAN!



THIS IS THE DISTRICT WHERE  
WE'LL FIND A LOT OF  
SUCH PLACES. I'LL CROSS  
THE STREET AND TRY THE  
OTHER SIDE, MARGO. MEAN-  
WHILE SHREVVY CAN CRUISE  
AROUND AND LOOK FOR  
MORE.

OK,  
BOSS



THIS LOOKS LIKE A  
PLACE WHERE I  
OUGHT TO FIND  
ABOUT ANYTHING!

AN  
LIST  
OF BURE  
PIRE  
CHARMS

LODESTONE  
DICE, SPECIAL  
MEXICAN LUCK  
MADWATER  
SNAKE ROOT  
STEEL DUST  
GOOFER DUST  
LUCKY LUCKY  
POWDER  
DRAGON'S BLOOD  
BLACK CAT  
OIL  
ETC.



TO LEARN VOODOO,  
YOU MUST GO VOODOO!  
IF YOU WEAR THIS  
JINGLE-JANGLE MONEY,  
VOODOO DOCTOR WILL  
TALK BECAUSE  
MONEY TALKS!

ALRIGHT!  
I'LL TRY  
IT!



BEFORE I BUY  
ANY CHARMS, I  
WANT SOMEONE  
TO TELL ME HOW  
TO USE THEM!

HEH-HEH!  
YOU COME  
WITH ME!



IT LOOKS AS THOUGH  
I'LL LEARN ALL ABOUT  
THIS VODOO RACKET  
BEFORE LAMONT EVEN  
GETS STARTED!



GO ACROSS  
ALLEY, IN  
THROUGH OTHER  
DOOR, THEN  
UPSTAIRS TO  
TOP!

THERE'S A BLACK CAT  
CROSSING MY PATH! I  
SUPPOSE IT MEANS  
GOOD LUCK! BUT I'D  
BETTER BE CAREFUL  
NOT TO STEP ON ANYTHING  
LIKE A HORSE-SHOE!



THIS MUST BE  
WHERE THE OLD  
LADY MEANT!



WHO...  
WHO  
ARE  
YOU?

I AM DOCTOR  
MACABRE! I  
HAVE BEEN  
EXPECTING MEDDLERS  
SUCH AS YOU, EVER  
SINCE THE POLICE  
FOUND MY VODOO  
DOLLS!

WHY... I'VE WALKED  
INTO A CAGE! AND  
THERE'S THE STEEL  
DOOR SLAMMING  
SHUT BEHIND ME!



THIS BRASS  
STATUETTE  
REPRESENTS  
**YOU!**

AT LEAST IT HASN'T  
ANY PINS THROUGH  
IT! BESIDES, IT CAN'T  
BE ME BECAUSE I'M  
WEARING THIS COIN  
COSTUME!

THOSE COINS WILL  
MELT WHEN I DROP YOU  
INTO THE GREAT CAULDRON  
OF MOLTEN METAL  
WHERE YOU WILL  
INSTANTLY BECOME A  
SOLID, BRASS-PLATED  
STATUE!

OH!

MEANWHILE.....

SAY, BOSS... I  
SAW A COUPLE  
OF TOUGH  
CHARACTERS  
SNEAKING IN  
THROUGH AN  
ALLEY FROM  
THE NEXT  
STREET!

THEY SOUND  
LIKE WHAT  
I'M LOOKING  
FOR...

I'LL START  
WITH A  
QUICK  
HYPNOTIC  
PASS!

HEY, BEEF! LOOK  
WHAT'S CREEPING  
ALONG THAT WALL  
OVER THERE!

SO, I'LL GO AND FIND  
THEM..... AS THE  
**SHADOW!**



IT WORKED  
INSTANTLY...



... AND NOW HAVING  
CLOUDED ONE MAN'S  
MIND, I CAN RELY  
UPON IT THAT I  
WILL BE INVISIBLE  
TO OTHERS!

NOW THE  
BLACK STREAK  
IS GONE! HEY,  
BEEF... WHAT  
YOU STARING  
AT?



MEANWHILE...

THE MOLTEN  
MASS IS  
BUBBLING,  
MASTER!

GOOD. I'LL  
BRING THE  
VICTIM!

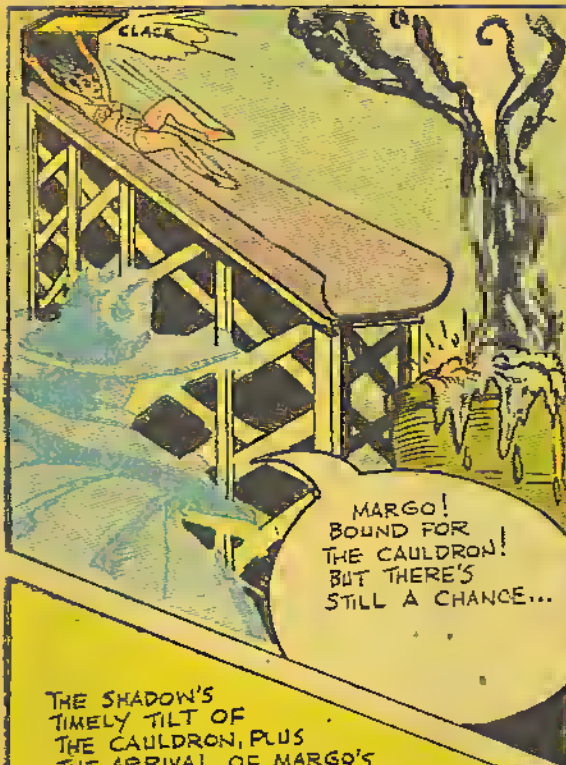


THAT LOOKS LIKE  
THE HEAD MAN OF THE  
VOODOO RACKET! I'LL  
SWOOP AROUND HIS  
OWN CAULDRON AND  
SURPRISE HIM!

NOW WATCH!  
AND IN A  
MOMENT, YOU  
WILL SEE...



ORRRRRH!!!



MARGO!  
BOUND FOR  
THE CAULDRON!  
BUT THERE'S  
STILL A CHANCE...



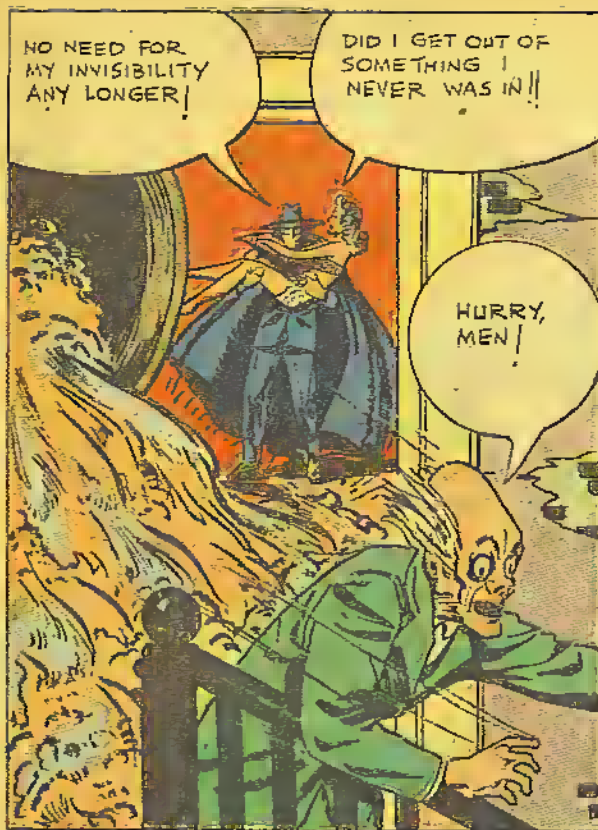
THE SHADOW'S  
TIMELY TILT OF  
THE CAULDRON, PLUS  
THE ARRIVAL OF MARGO'S  
ADDED WEIGHT, OVERTURNS  
THE HUGE CONTAINER, POURING  
THE MOLTEN MASS TOWARDS DOCTOR  
MACABRE AND HIS FIENDS!!!



SOMETHING  
IS PLUCKING  
ME OUT OF  
MID-AIR! IT  
MUST BE THE  
SHADOW!

QUICKLY,  
MY MEN!  
THIS WAY  
OUT!!!

THERE  
IT GOES  
!!!



NO NEED FOR  
MY INVISIBILITY  
ANY LONGER!

DID I GET OUT OF  
SOMETHING I  
NEVER WAS IN!!

HURRY,  
MEN!



DON'T LET  
MACABRE  
GET AWAY!

DON'T WORRY,  
MARGO! HE  
WON'T!



WHERE MACABRE  
AND HIS FIENDS  
HAVE GONE, THEIR  
OWN EVIL TIDE  
WILL OVERTAKE  
THEM!

HELP!



FINE WORK,  
CRANSTON!  
HOW DID  
YOU EVER FIND  
THE VOODOO  
LAIR?

HAVE THEY  
BROUGHT THE  
ELECTRICAL  
TORCHES?

I JUST  
RAN INTO IT,  
COMMISSIONER

YEAH, BUT  
THEY'LL HAVE  
TO CUT THROUGH  
A LOT OF BRASS  
TO FIND WHAT'S  
LEFT OF...  
MACABRE!

AM I GLAD  
I'M NO LONGER  
IN THE MONEY  
!

## Our AIR ACE

Correspondent

ALFRED M. KLEIN

Now over 1000

when the AIDM BOMB  
was put off

He wrote the story for this

## AIR ACE

THAT GOES ON SALE DECEMBER 13

ORDER YOUR COPY TODAY

IT REALLY LOOKS, ACTS, RUNS  
AND SOUNDS LIKE A REAL

# <sup>66</sup>Jet<sup>99</sup> Propelled SPEED BOAT



PUTT!

PUTT!

ALL METAL  
NO  
MOVING PARTS

FUEL SUPPLY  
INCLUDED AT  
NO  
EXTRA COST!

NO  
MOVING PARTS  
NOTHING TO GET  
OUT OF ORDER



- YES! IT ACTUALLY LOOKS, ACTS, RUNS,  
AND SOUNDS LIKE A REAL SPEEDBOAT
- NO BETTER GIFT FOR ANY CHILD!

Runs for one-half hour on a small piece of fuel! (Fuel included!) It's easy to operate! Both Young and Old will enjoy this exciting toy for a long time to come! Parents will find new favor in the kiddies' eyes when they present this delightful toy.

Don't Delay! Avoid Disappointment! Order  
Several for Now, and Christmas Gift Giving.

**\$1**

Complete with  
fuel. Postpaid

Order Direct **TODAY** PROMPT SHIPMENT!

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Enclosed is \$\_\_\_\_\_ Send at once \_\_\_\_\_  
Jet Propelled Speed Boats at \$1 each, postpaid.

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RED RYDER'S SAFETY MESSAGE TO

**DAISY**

AIR RIFLE OWNERS

By RED HARMAN — FAMOUS COWBOY CARTOONIST — CREATOR OF RED RYDER



COME ON UP, LITTLE BEAVER. AND WE'LL SHOOT MY DAISY FROM THE TREE HOUSE!

NO! RED RYDER TEACH ME TO HANDLE GUNS WITH CARE! WATCH ME OUT—YOU FOLD ON DEAD BRANCHES AT BREAKFAST!



OWOO!



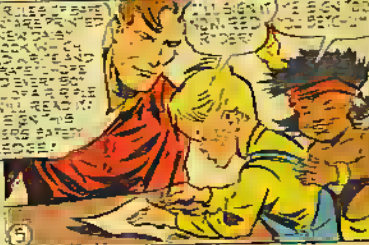
GEE, RED RYDER? I BROKE MY DAISY CARBINE!



AND ALMOST BROKE YOUR NECK, WILLIE! YOU'VE BEEN CARELESS! YOU ABUSED THE PRIVILEGE OF OWNING A GUN!



YOUR DAISY IS A FUN GUN—NOT A LETHAL WEAPON. BUT IT MIGHT CAUSE DAMAGE IF MISUSED. I'VE HAD TO WATCH MY DAISY CARBINE CAREFULLY SINCE I BROKE IT!



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DAISY HANDBOOK READY!

TELLS HOW TO SHOOT SAFE



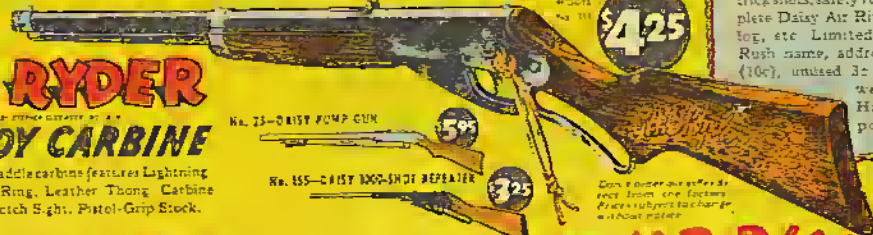
126-page Handbook features Red Ryder, Buck Rogers comic strips, atomic bombs, jet power, jokes, trick shots, safety rules, complete Daisy Air Rifle Catalog, etc. Limited supply. Rush name, address, dime (10c), uncut 3c stamp we'll mail Handbook postpaid.

Ask your folks to read this ad. Tell them you'll follow the ten Safety Shooting Rules printed in the Daisy Handbook as carefully as they always drive their car. Explain that Daisys have been recognized as

the finest quality air rifles in the world for more than sixty years—that you want a genuine Daisy for real fun—that they're being made and delivered to Daisy dealers fast as the supply of labor and materials permit.

1000 SHOT  
**RED RYDER**  
COWBOY CARBINE

Famous Western saddle carbine features Lightning Loader, Carbine Ring, Leather Thong Carbine Bands, Double-Notch Sight, Pistol-Grip Stock.



No. 25—DAISY PUMP GUN

No. 155—DAISY 1000-SHOT REPEATER

\$4.25

5%

3.25

Don't order our rifles direct from the factory. Prices subject to change without notice.

Use Added in Canada



**SHOOT SAFE BUDDY!**

DAISY MANUFACTURING COMPANY, 821 UNION STREET, DEPT. 7, PLYMOUTH, MICHIGAN, U.S.A.  
Published in the Interest of Parents, Present and Future Air Rifle Owners, and the General Public.